

Triumphant Chastity : *Gal 8. 16*

O R,

JOSEPHS

SELF - CONFLICT,

When by his Mistress he was inticed to

ADULTERY.

S H E W I N G

The powerful Motions betwixt the

FLESH and the SPIRIT.

A Divine P O E M,

Illustrated with several Copper - Plates
and Emblems futable to the Subject.

By J O. Q U A R L E S.

L O N D O N :

Printed for Benjamin Crayle , in

St. Pauls Church - yard.

MDCLXXXIV.

SELF-CONFLICT
represented in a Dispute
between IOSEPH and
POTIPHARS WIFE :
A
DIVINE POEM .



Printed for R. S. 1741



1077. b. 8

10

SELF-CONTAINED
STANDARD IN DISPOSE
OF THE
POTTERY & WARE
D. H. L. L.



JOSEPHS





TO THE READER.



Hou hast here the fruits of
some Lucubrations and
vacant hours, which I to
me have paid the pains in
Translating; and I dare
say they will thin in Reading, if thou
hast not more Itching Ears after loftier
strains than without doubt I can ren-
der, than Sanctified Desires after whole-
some and profitable Matter rendered
unto thee. Indeed else it were a pity
Gold should be rejected, because pre-
sented unto thee in a Homely Vessel;
or Sovereign Counsel, because not sung

To the READER.

to thee by a Cowley, or a Milton; the very footsteps of either of which, thou art not like here to find.

My hopes shall be, however, to meet with some few, who will not dash their advantages in pieces, by carping at me, who am herein no more than the Friendly Bearer; and to these I would intimate what remains to be said of the Work itself, for their further Satisfaction.

Its Subject then is a Christians Warfare; and so come up to its Title, *His Conflict with himself*. If thou art a Christian indeed, thou art a Souldier; and must fight continually; not Sensually with Earthly Powers, but Spiritually with all the Powers of Darkness; where thou wilt find the most puissant and dangerous Enemy thou hast to grapple with, thine own self: and with these, as thou must fight continually, so over these all thou must be sure to be

To the READER.

be victorious, or they will triumph over thee, which will be in thy inevitable Destruction. Skill therefore in this so myrious a Warfare, will be of greatest importance to thee, which, saith my Author, doth consist, *In knowing thine own Weakness, the Strength of thine Adversaries, and the Remedy against both.* To whose following Discourses then, for excellent Directions herein, it falls in now aptly for me onely to refer thee.

And yet this induceth me to say thus much more before I leave thee here, that by reading thou mayst perceive thy glozing Corruptions using, in the person of *Josephs* Mistriis, the most cogent Expressions to charm thee into consent to their Exuberous Desires: And by proceeding immediately to those Replies, carried on in the person of *Joseph*, thou hast the application of more Sovereign Antidotes to kill or enervate such (else irresistible)

To the READER.

Charms, either in the birth or riper growth, within thee.

Yet here, lest the tender Conscience might check at the Libidinous and Prophane Language necessarily made use of by my Author; he clears that Scruple from the like practice in *David*, who useth Wicked Expressions, but in the Persons of the Wicked; and in *Solomon*, who writes Lewdly, but in the Persons of Lewd Women, &c. Where likewise, among others, he satisfies his honest-minded Reader with this redundant and significant Similitude, That the Rose receives advantage in it fragrancy, by being planted near Garlick.

The Stile is Verse, that so no Advantage may be denyed the Flesh in this her publick Tryal; or, as my Author would have it, that the Scope may with the more inevitable force penetrate the Heart, as the sonorous har-

To the READER.

harmony of a Trumpet doth, through the narrow passage of its body, the Ear; and then I may add, that the young Reader may through a happy kind of guile, be caught with pleasure to his own Souls advantage.

The Variations, Amplifications, and Additions made use of in this Translation, will I hope easily be excused, if not judged necessary; especially where the difference between Translating and Construing, and the unconstrained freedom of Verse is considered.

And now having given thee what I hope may satisfy thee, as to the Work it self; I would now onely superadde a brief Account of the Author, and of the particular success of this excellent Piece of his, both at home and abroad: And this shall be all I shall at this time say of both.

As

To the READER.

As to the Author, Holland (whose Lord Pensioner he was) could not detain him long in that

It is remarkable, that among the latter Pensioners in Holland, the Heer Catts only dyed in Peace upon his Bed.

* Fatal Dignity, which he happily resigned at a seasonable time, for a Retired Life at his be-

loved Zongfliet; where giving more ample liberty to his incomparable Mind, he lets it all flow to his Country-men in Castalian Numbers, untill at length, (he living to a good old age) they together compleated a very Large Volume; which he hath left filled with the profitablest variety of delight, both Moral and Divine, that in that kind (there) had ever been extant.

And now as to the success of this small part of his Studies, (esteemed by the most, one of the most worthy) it hath met with such kind and general acceptance at Home, that there it hath
been

To the R E A D E R.

been often Printed in all sorts of Volumes ; nor hath it found less abroad , where in *Germany* it was by different hands,almost at one and the same time, Translated and Printed.

Herewithall I will now leave thee, and refer thee to the Work it self, in the perusal of which, I heartily wish thy benefit and delight.

Farewel.

T H E

To the R. A. D. B. R.

been often printed in all sorts of
languages; nor hath it found itself
where in I saw it was by different
hands almost a score and the last time
Translated and Printed.
However I will now leave thee
and refer thee to the Works of H. in
the perusal of which I heartily wish
thy benefit and delight.
I remain
Thy friend

T H E

THE ENTERTAINMENT.



IN fulsome dung, thou who a beast dost here
Behold inclos'd, and pondering dost appear,
The meaning to desire, thy thoughts compose,
My Song the while shall thee the mind disclose.
Of cleanlyest Creatures in this Ring encas'd,
Thou one behold'st, by unkind hands there plac'd,
Of name the Ermin; one by nature bent
To be untainted with ought foul; now pent

The Entertainment.

In putrid Muck : behold, no pains dispute
May scape procure, unless it will pollute
In filth its fur ; but hating most a blot,
It faints, oppress'd with famine, on the Plot.
The choyce is sharp : or it must dye, or see
That now its Coat in Mire desit'd must be ;
Yet such its mind, that in this huge dismay,
Cold death teche it, and concludes it stays
Where lo, though dying, with what wondrous care
It softly sinks, lest it should blot a hair ?
There now it lies stretcht out upon the plain,
Grim death embracing, to be free of stain.
Thus far the Emblem, which the mind displays
Of Jacobs Joseph, which his pious ways
And Conquest shews by him of lust obtain'd,
Of lust, so strongly which in's Mistress reign'd.
Not youthful dalliance relish'd with his mind,
He far more pleasure in chaste thoughts did find ;
Though carbonading lust did him assail,
He stood unmov'd, nor could that lust prevail.
A Lady he to him beholds inclin'd
With unchaste love, young, fair, and rich ; his mind
Yet her resists : she balmy joys presents,
He God prefers, her joys as vice resents.
She pleads : Alone, we're safe from prying eye.
But he returns : Yet God doth us descrye.
Then she : My Lord abroad, none obvious stand
To cross our loves. He then : But God's at hand
She adds : Touch prompts us to this and never play.
But he : Yet youth must wedlock rules obey.
She cries, My ferocious flames O quench, I frye.
Then he : To whom no stranger may come nigh.
Yet she : Slave to my will thou'rt bought to be.
But not to sin, returning he, there I'm free.

The Entertainment.

By reason foyl'd, she threatens plagues unkind.
But he makes clear : Nought hurts a peaceful mind.
She storms, but he's compos'd, threats doth abide
And curses from her ; prays, and steps aside,
Till she lays lastly hold. Skill'd in this fight,
He then his cloak lets go, and flees her sight.
Wonder of men ! 'twas Joseph, in thy prime
Of youthful days ; the verdure of thy time,
When thou thy flesh subdu'dst. In ways of truth
O guide ! and pattern rare for tender youth !
Assist my numbers, let my flowing Verse,
As is his due, his solid praise reverse,
If that can be : And thou thus Laureate,
Vouchsafe, though slender, to commemorate
Thy victories renown, chaste Boy, that we
May read with wonder, and thy followers be.
But Zoilus is come ; methinks I hear
His murmuring Sons at our blest Joseph jeer.
Whom they a mind devoyd of Spirit name,
A vein of blood, a torch of spiritfule flame.
But sure abus'd in reasonings you appear,
O sons of error : better reason hear.
Is freedom yours ? 'tis then an easie case
In times when lewd, to run a sinful race.
Nor is it hard when youthful eyes espye
A beauty, strait in lustful flames to frye.
For lo, how facile 'tis to loose the rein
That curbs the flesh, that doth its lust restrain.
Nor easie less, when pregnant shows do flow
To you of wealth, then earthly soul'd to grow.
If love, if honour wait on you, if gain ;
Such things with pleasure you can entertain.
But when the flesh with overmatching power,
Storms on the Soul like a tempestuous show'r ;

That

The Entertainment.

That manly breast that stands, that will not yield,
A Champion worthy is to Lord the field.
Vain worldly men those Spirits valiant praise,
That Armies rout, that walled Cities raise :
But in deeds truly brave, none higher rise,
Than such a mind who its own lusts denies.
Let then Cimmerian ignorance revile,
Whilst virtue triumphs with a peaceful smile.
But thou, if young, let this example thee,
So chaste, so virtuous, so Divine to be.

THE

THE INTRODUCTION.

WHen Potiphar's fair Wife in various kind,
 Had oft undress'd the passions of her mind
 To youthful Joseph, and when this her pain
 In sighs she shew'd, but ever sigh'd in vain;
 Yet would she not for this the palm resign,
 But having fix'd a new-fram'd design,
 Secur'd her household, order'd the hour,
 Lo, yet once more she summons all her power,
 Much like a Prince, who with success unblest'd
 A walled Town hath long with War distress'd,
 Now draws up all his Men, and with a cry
 Once more sets on to gain the place, or dye:
 So she; who now had well observ'd the room
 In which she knew young Joseph was to come,
 Where when the youth alone she spy'd, thus she
 Her mind display'd, as she might entring be.

S E P H Y R A.

How long, sweet boy, shall from thy breast possess
 Towards my grief, and I in vain express
 That grief to thee! how long a suppliant knee
 Shall I yet bend, unentertain'd by thee?

The more my sighs discover am'rous fire,
 The more thy frozen Soul, with cross desire,

Fronts those kind flames, whilst I the while in vain
Pursue blew shadows, and no substance gain.

O dwells in thee such barbarous desires?

And must I thus consume in tedious fires
That noble blood, that in my heart resides,
And but for thee yet in its veins abides?

Advise thy actions; that's but kindness feign'd;
By importunity which is, or force obtain'd:

For what by flattery with long pains is sought,
Though priceless gain'd, yet is it dearly bought.
Let him, who for his help would thanks receive,

Th' afflicted's case without delay relieve

For him alone we count of courteous mind,
Whose help we readily performed find.

But thou'rt of Marble sure, that can it refrain

Of thy bland youth to loose the sturdy reign,

And view me thus o'whelm'd with plenteous grief,
(Nor cruellest) deny yet all relief.

What may I think thou with my self so dars,

So nights revolv' it! O most distasteful ways

To me they are. But wherefore thus shouldst thou

Thy young desires to sullen slavery bow?

What can more aptly suit youths soft desires,

Than with a Paramour to cool his fires?

For Natures instinct tis to all unbred,

Delights to seek in Loves triumphant bed.

So lumpish souls, so phlegmatick bone are,

Who with their kind seek not their kind to pair.

Behold, diffus'd in every thing,

Youths seeming pleasures forth by force to bring

Nor doth in barren lands so dearth abound,

Wherein no mimicry of Love is found.

As in all-pleasing Her to bring things forth,

Soft procreation to our widow'd earth

Gently descends, which then the leaf doth shoot,
 And fragrant flowers, and sweet delicious fruit.
 This teeming time when come, there where it sets,
 That Land's fruit chequer'd with soft Violets,
 Guilt-bowly-Daffadils; each thing anew
 Gets life, on which it breaths its fruitful dew.
 Lo, whilst it thus begins to fan its charms,
 The lofty Cedars wide out-stretching arms,
 Yet bald with Winter-blast, and Rime, yet gray,
 Now put on green against a Summers day.
 Goes it through smiling fields, or ambient airs,
 Beasts joy in frisks, of birds in Notes appears.
 If on the strand, the fish, that scaled be,
 Bubble in streams, and dance upon the Sea.
 Salute's it man, what wonders works it then.
 If pensive he, it comforts him again;
 Refines his mind, if he is swain-like fow'd;
 Makes him, if dull, his sluggish arms unfold.
 If bred a Clown, in Courtship smooth him skills,
 Or else, if mute, in him swift speech distills.
 There needs no more. Thus, when posselt with Love,
 Our time we spend, our joys thus soar above
 Their usual strain; and then each youthful Male,
 All means assays; how he may oft prevail,
 To gratifie his flames; how here and there,
 He in his toys a beauty may ensnare.
 Auspicious youth, how singular's thy hap,
 Whom Love with liberal hands sings in thy lap.
 Her balmy pleasures; thou who ne'er hast been
 Afflicted for her, or yet sighing seem.
 When *Midianites* thee of thy Brethren bought,
 And in our *Memphian Egypt* thou wast brought;
 From that time I was made thy Regent Dame,
 And mighty *Potiphar* thy Lord became;

A man enslav'd to splendid Court-affairs,
 And wholly bent to mount on Honours stairs;
 A head for great attempts, of restless kind,
 Who for the world, nor body spares, nor mind.
 Before the morning-blush can night intrance,
 And with unmuffling light in day advance,
 Before the gray-brow'd dawn can early day
 Fore-run, I grope, but *Potiphar's* away :
 Already clad, he strikes him on a light,
 In lucubrations spends that part of night,
 And therein drown'd, reads, meditates, and writes,
 Till him to other things high day invites :
 Then hastes to Court, within those busie Halls
 Then walks, where care to thoughts uncessant calls :
 In Consults dwells, until his restless brain
 Fumes Oven-like, that can't its heat contain :
 Thence hies to th' Prince, where yet again his mind
 Must move with humours of uncertain kind ;
 Nor less his Wits must work, since none is more
 Esteem'd than flatterers that Crowns adore.
 Nor yet is this enough, lo, home-bred sorrow
 Genders new care for this day and to morrow ;
 That so, no hour there is throughout the day,
 Wherein his Soul might rest, he once can say.
 Unhappy Lord, enslav'd by too vast things ;
 Thy purchas'd greatness thee but sorrow brings !
 Forsake the Court's too cumbrous cares, and come,
 Joyn with thy Wife to manage things at home.
 But whilst my Lord him in these cares employs,
 Therewith his buzzing head and Soul annoys,
 I his forsaken, his forgotten Wife,
 Wish for this cause a more delightful life :
 And am resolv'd (nor deem it void of reason)
 Not so to lavish this my youthful season :

Let him, since he will always be at Court,
 Frequent strange beds, one shall to mine resort ;
 And thou art he selected hereunto ,
 Sweet *Joseph*, who of this long since didst know.
 Mine eye my heart bewray'd, that did descry,
 What kind of passions in my breast did fry.
 When once the heart feels Love hath made a wound,
 The Senses dislocate, the Tongue is bound,
 The Mind, with grief possess'd, is fill'd with dread,
 And then the eye the tongues defect must plead.
 I know thou hast observ'd my strong desires ;
 From my sad eyes dart symptomes of my fires ;
 Nor less didst thou perceive those flames in me,
 When neer my bed I sent so oft for thee :
 O long ere them (I know) this tongue express'd,
 Thou felt'st these dire commotions in my breast ;
 And yet thou glori'dst ever to appear
 As if thou nothing wast of this aware.
 If thee alone I found, where none could see,
 Or over-look what pass'd 'twixt thee and me,
 Away thou fledst, when thou but thought'st 'twas I,
 As though some Ghost thee thence compell'd to fly.
 These were the pressures which so mov'd my mind,
 That shame no longer could my passions bind ;
 Which forc'd, broke forth, constraining me to bow
 My neck to thee, and court my servant now.
 Yet woe is me, though I disclose my fires,
 All I can say, can't thaw thy chill desires ;
 'Tis neither Rhetorick, nor deep-fetch'd groans
 Can move thy spirit to regard my moans.
 O can no languid sighs, no Eloquence
 Thy marble-breast to tenderness dispence ?
 Nor can yet goodness once prevail with thee ?
 Then rigour shall, which thou shalt quickly see :

Though I am more assur'd, perswasions rather
Will melt thy Soul, and we shall yet together
Joyn flames to flames: come then, why should such sell
And rough desires in such sweet favour dwell?

F O S E T H

ME, what prodigious things do I now hear. **I** am
Are these your words, and, Madam, I so near?
Surely you mean them, no: Ah me, but why
Seek you then once again my Soul to try?
It is confes'd that I am yours, and his
Who is your Husband; but to none of this
Sure was I told: we are not sold to sin,
Till of our selves we do that Sale begin.
Has providence lent you such gifts in vain,
To which so many with they might attain?
So fair a flower has God created you,
That to your Lord you should be found untrue?
Though poorly body, amiable face,
Though wise discourse your Sex so much doth grace,
These yet, if modesty you let to sale,
Will not that loss of Vertue countervail.
You're of Illustrious Race, of Royal kind,
With beauty gifted, and transcendent mind;
Remember this, and let your Soul disdain
Your honour so with Stallion lust to stain,
Much more to love your slave. Ah me, what is
Has poyson'd you such matters to insist?
Why should thus Reasons beauty be defaced?
Why should your glory thus become disgrac'd?
Why should lust reign, and why that spirit Divine,
That doth the Soul to various ways incline,

And

And therein guide, be quenched, and for ever
 Through base-born lust, and that the Soul intend
 For shame, adjourn these Soul-deluding dreams,
 Youths base product, which you so ill esteem
 Which death portend: let them be straight deny'd
 Fire's quickly master'd, when help's soon apply'd
 He who from lust's vile bondage would be freed
 Its primier flames to suffocate must need
 Sin is a plant, which if not from the root
 Soon pluckt, will soon to spreading mischief grow
 Which if it does, its venom soon we find
 Infecting all our blood, and all our mind
 And that's a Fort with ever-watchful eyes
 Which should be guarded from sin's insidious
 But if we thus destroy it, then with ease
 Our hearts may be secur'd from this disease
 And that calm-virgin peace as erst regain
 The greatest bliss that Souls can here obtain
 Well, though it be, (which let me not believe)
 That you're inclin'd brief pleasure should receive
 You of your fame, your eyes in vain on that
 Yet look, in whom those joys abhorred be
 Ah, how may I my precious Soul resign
 To such salacious lust? how thus inclin'd
 To wound my Conscience, and supremely pierce
 Those flames; and therein my self exercise
 Am I not of that house, which from the dust
 Of all the world God for his people blest
 Choosing them such, or ever from he layd
 Of this huge Globe, and of his promise made
 Peculiar Heirs? Am I not Abraham's seed
 The faithful's Father, by Gods call decreed
 And Prince of Race Divine? and should I prize
 Foul lust, and these advantages despise

These members so abuse, that God upbraid,
 Who his loves covenant thereon hath made;
 And thus Soul-shipwrack in one instant make?
 Help, Lord, nor me do ever thus forsake.
 But how you erre! although God did create
 In all he made, a power to propagate
 As was its kind; yet what, alas, makes this
 For you? as blind, so you the mark do miss.
 But 'tis perceiv'd, what by your error's meant:
 You brass to me for solid Gold present,
 Which I should so, say you, with you believe,
 That lust as love acceptance might receive.
 Who sees not this? but better things we know;
 From our great God to man no lust did flow:
 He at the first did then in him inspire,
 In beasts, in fowl, and fish, an upright fire;
 Blessing them generally, with words of these:
Be greatly fruitful, and the earth increase.
 Of these, yet Man, when he began to live,
 One meet help onely did from God receive,
 (Flesh of his flesh, bone formed of his bone)
 And this command, *You two shall be but one.*
 Thus that delight is but 'twixt two confin'd,
 Where one Male-female are together joyn'd;
 A third destroys the pleasure, sours the sweet,
 For love is onely 'twixt two souls compleat.
 And this thus God injoyns. As with his hands
 He Man and Wife unites in wedlock-bands,
 Which none may part. To th' Bridal sheets this Seal,
 By him affix'd, their purity reveal.
 How should it then seem strange, if he consume
 Such who his work to sully dare presume?
 If with fierce plagues, hurl'd from his kindled Ire,
 He satisfaction should from them require?

Who in Gods house leud shame commits, him he
 To shame will bring, from whence he shall not flee;
 And Curses on his body he shall find
 Thenceforth, and plagues possessing all his mind.
 For God is holy; his bright eyes are pure,
 Which will by no means lustful flames endure.
 The airy Soul doth in the blood reside,
 The Soul's God's Temple, where nought foul may 'bide:
 Within his presence-chamber none may dare
 His hefts pollute, that undefiled are.
 My Lord hath days and nights, you argue next,
 Incessant cares, wherewith his thoughts perplex
 And captivated are, and therefore he
 Needs by his Consort must abused be.
 O foul conclusion! which now makes me hate
 Your lusts address the more: for sure my fate
 Must be much worse than his, if I believe
 That womans words that doth her Lord deceive.
 Ah, should the painful Husband grind and toyl
 His Household to maintain, and should the while
 His wife prove false! he spend his strength for gains
 And she devour by whoredom all his pains?
 So at such cost shall fame superb be sought
 By *Potiphar*, and you for worse than nought
 Yours forfeit to your slave? O-misery,
 The certain issue of these deeds! who thee
 May duely here describe? unhappy they
 Who by such things for thy approach give way!
 In vain the Husband doth employ his pains,
 To grow in riches, and increase in gains;
 In vain he seeks to keep an earthly Treasure,
 If the wife prostitutes to strangers pleasure.
 For where the Nuptial sheets defiled be,
 All good departs that House, all blessings flee;

And

And fearful ruine with a curse succeeds,
 Taking due vengeance for such dismal deeds.
 I gave you no advantage to express
 With words your minde, say you, and therefore less
 Your Lust would not permit, than by your Eyes
 To shew the Symptomes of your Maladies.
 What shall I say? Had you been ever dumb,
 This language to my ears had never come:
 Nor blind if you, had you for ever known
 These obscene flames, now so puissant grown.
 And would you had been so, this for your sake
 I wish, so sure a death do you partake
 In your own wilhes. O! express no more
 With Tongue or Eyes such matters, I implore.
 Was it for me to fix a busie eye
 Upon your looks, your pleasure to descry?
 (For this neglect you render my disdain,
 And stately pride, as glorying in your pain.)
 No, this your Maidens should observe, not I;
 They on your looks may fix a curious eye,
 And sudden motions may regard with awe:
 Your Will to them may be a binding Law.
 But as for me, my observations must
 About my Lord be plac'd; He may my just
 Regard alone demand, but never you:
 His eyes alone may teach me what to do.
 And this he will confess, so I have been
 Obedient, where my Duty should be seen.
 Do you conceiue my Lord your ways should like,
 Or yield to my compliance? O! he'd strike
 On us much rather all that sense he bore
 Of horreur to them; so that we no more
 Should need the pleasure, or his second rage
 Against our sin his vengeance to engage.

What

What now avails it you to fix your mind,
 On that where you may never be content to find.
 If your vile flesh so burns in lustful flame,
 Go there where you may cool it without blame.
 Why did you not at first suspect that live,
 Which towards me inflam'd such foul desire?
 Why did you gratify your trayterous eyes,
 When you had warming Lust through them surprize
 Had made upon your Heart? Have you forgot,
 Or did you never hear, how Eve was brought
 To loss of Eden, by her bulie eye.
 On fruit forbidden, and posterity?
 This is the little limb which can alone
 The careless Soul of Happiness unthrone.
 Behold the safe, who this unguarded leave,
 A Thief obtain, ere they ought ill perceive.
 I did endeavour to avoid, 'tis true,
 Your presence, lest I might alone by you
 Be taken by surprize: Sin lyes at catch,
 For man in solitude, neglecting watch.
 Shame, you confess, your Lust did drive away;
 And I can tell you then, your best array
 Is gone, which was your Glory: Not the blaze
 Of all your Gems reverberating rays
 Can yield that lustre; but as Light that dwells
 With Day, compar'd with Night, so that exceeds,
 God did a Shamefacedness in Women kinde
 Implant, to guard at all times their soft Minde
 Which if they drive regardlesly from thence,
 Their Chastity rests void of all defence.
 Not languid Eyes they be that can excuse,
 Nor winning Eloquence, which you abuse,
 That can maintain your ways: them therefore cease,
 While time may free you, and restore your peace.

Nay,

Nay, know, the more you therein yet shall press,
 So much your person will but please me less.
 Once more desist, I therefore yet implore,
 Let rampant Lust possess your minde no more:
 Which since it will conclude in endless pains,
 That fool is wise, who in't not long remains.

S E P H Y R A.

O Ft though thou hast my suit with proud disdain
 Repuls'd, my minde yet doth unmov'd remain.
 I'm what I ever was. In Amours chase,
 'Tis perseverance gains the Victor's praise,
 So solid Iron wastes at length by rust,
 And Steel, yet harder, crumbles into dust.
 So sturdy Oakes yield to the frequent wound
 By Axes given, till they kiss the ground.
 Of you, as Dame, I have supreme Command,
 Which your condition suits not to withstand:
 My Money bought you, subject to my Will
 Therefore you are, and must my Law fulfil;
 Nor Mistresses can Servants that injoyn,
 Which their Obedience justly should decline.
 Well then, my Will fulfil, and wherefore not?
 Sure that's at our command which we have bought:
 All your whole Body's mine, that I may kill,
 Or save alive, or torture as I will;
 And if the whole is sold to my desire,
 Well may I then the fruit of part require.
 Nor to oppose me think that thou art free,
 Who to my humour must devoted be.
 All Nations yield to this, of old and yet,
 That with their Slaves each do as they think fit.

And

And if long since Love had return'd from you,
 'T had been but duty to your Mistress due,
 But that's now past, beware that thus no more
 Thou of such errors treasure'st greater store,
 Or didst thou doubt my loves reality,
 As if I feign'd it but thy pulse to try?
 Never indeed did I possess that mind,
 To such injurious double thoughts inclin'd:
 Which if that onely lets, O straight discharge
 Those thoughts, nor more let them such doubts enlarge.
 For lo, my wounded heart, all in a flame,
 Offering oblations to sweet *Joseph's* name.
 Press but this bosom, and there feel it lye,
 A panting victim to thy wounding eye.
 Behold my stretcht-out arms, my naked breast,
 Wooing thy kindness; what can be express'd
 More plain? alas, I have no other way:
 If yet thou doubtest, the rest thy self assay.
 This day our *Egypt's* gaudy Gentry are
 At *Memphis* entertain'd, with Banquets, where
 Thy Lord is likewise with our chiefest Train;
 I onely for thy sake at home remain,
 Which to procure, I sickness did pretend,
 That those few hours I might with *Joseph* spend.
 My Lord rose early up, my bed I kept,
 As sick at heart, though nothing less, then wept;
 He griev'd, impress'd a frozen kiss or two,
 Physick advis'd, then sigh'd, and bid adieu.
 And yet I'm sick, though well: strange, may I say,
 Are adverse things in us, where love bears sway,
 Whose mysteries more deep than most conceive,
 And various are, or yet than most believe.
 I yiel'd its depth, I am not skill'd to spell,
 Yet that my cure's in thee, I know right well:

For

For thence came my disease, and tis from thee
 I therefore must expect my remedy
 Pain tortures not my body, but my mind;
 I'm sick or well, as thou art coy or kind.
 O then relent, and ease my herte disease
 If thou deny'st, I dye by its increase
 Nor let me more beseech thee thus in vain,
 Or reap the fruits of arrogant disdain
 Discard that subtilty, why shouldst thou delight
 Be so oppos'd? why shouldst thou love affright
 Thy tender mind, which seeming youth requires
 Why shouldst thou dulle ponderings drink up those desires?
 We deem it in our age no faulty crime,
 For youth now flourishing in manly prime
 To pluck a stranger's vine, and taste its grape,
 If he the owner's eye do but escape
 But why thy Father in such glory dress'd
 Were things with them as is by thee express'd
 I've heard their fame, and know thy frail defence
 Thy *Hebron* is not so far distant hence
 It seems that thou hast learn'd too
 With other strangers mighty things to shew
 Of thy grave progeny, which put its test,
 Will be found nothing, or but frail at best
 Did not that Prince, from whom thou drew'st thy life
 His seed, whose estate vail'd thee with his Wife
 Compress'd he not his maid, though he had yet
 A spouse, and on her *Ishmael* beget
 This was thy *Egyptian* flattery, who his mind
 So pleas'd, that he, now gray, afresh inclin'd
 Became to lustful dalliance; behold,
 Our *Egypt* yielding Females fair of old
 Nor ever may'st thou with me hold the day
 For *Jacob* too, with many women lay

For

Though

Though *Lea* was his wife, he could not rest,
 Till he was likewise with fair *Rachel* blest.
 Nor was this all; behold, his Maids likewise,
 He both deflowers, where see how they devise
 Ways soft to cool their lust: *Zilpa* this night,
 Then *Bilha* bears, prostrates to his delight.
 This might suffice, and yet where can it thou find
 A man contented with one woman kind?
 The Bridal-sheets, at first for two intended,
 Through change of times to many more's extended.
 That's now forgot, what God to *Adam* spake:
 Did not blind *Lamech* two Wives to him take,
 While *Adam* yet surviv'd, with whom his vein
 Of lust he cool'd, and *Adam* rib in twain
 So split? Each sex, or many wives, we see
 Do take, as they can best maintained be.
 If this may not suffice, to *Lot* then turn,
 And see his mind in love incestuous burn;
 Then shew us who yet judgments underwent,
 That in these pleasures hours redundant spent.
 No, no, thou never canst that season name,
 In which against this God did ought proclaim.
 Observe we but the face of modern times,
 Whoredoms abroad, nor deem'd are any crimes.
 And if at home this Kingdom we survey,
 Them we hear Am'lets term'd, and youthful play,
 With gay solemnity and Tables swell'd,
Pharaoh his day of Coronation held
 Some time ago. Our Nobles all were there
 Assistants, and partakers of the cheer;
 Thy Lord withal, who had the charge to see
 Each at the Table plac'd in their degree,
 And as their state requir'd; and thou likewise,
 On whom I all day fix'd my wandering eyes.

My place was then where Princes chiefly were,
 From whom at first I wise discourse did hear
 Of this worlds great affairs : the frolick glass
 With cheering liquor scarcee three rounds did pass,
 When, lo, promiscuous sounds the groaning board
 Loud ill-conforting murmurings did afford.
 Among them one rose up, whose hand a pause
 Of listning silence in each guest did cause ;
 Whilst of Adultery he undertook
 Something to say, which with a wanton look
 He nam'd kind Courtship, and derided those,
 Who a chaste conversation rather chose.
 Methoughts his words and eyes bewray'd a mind
 Inclinaire to pleasures of each kind.
 Many conceits dropp'd from his lips, and some
 I yet remember, which I thence brought home.
 I know not why, said he, another's Treasure
 We covet so, and in our own no pleasure
 Contentedly can take ; why thus our mind
 Should be to strange, not home-bred things inclin'd :
 And yet 'tis so ; no men with pleasure go
 To drink of streams besides their gates that flow.
 Convenient dyet therefore is despis'd,
 Because its plenty renders it low priz'd.
 Vermilion-Cherries men the more admire
 For growing high, for so they draw desire.
 We love no low-grown fruits, though ne'r so prime ;
 'Tis those please best, for which we high must climb.
 So in the Rood fill'd grain-troughs set, and we
 From feather'd Hens may this our nature see ;
 Who from those troughs tho they their fill may
 Yet wantonly for grains they dunghills rake.
 Sauces acerb and biting, relish food ;
 Nor without Salt or Pepper are they good.

Clogging Conserve please Palats Feminine ;
 But that which bites, the nobler Masculine.
 From busie Cooks we love to steal a bit
 Behind their backs, and that in corners eat.
 Nor need we here the reason why entreat,
 All know the Proverb, *Stollen Bread is sweet.*
 In short, so well his minde with words he drest,
 That then a wanton Dream my brains possesst
 All that sweet Night ; whence I was first aware,
 Thence more t'have carry'd, than I'd eaten there :
 Sin I could lessen frait, nor wanton Love
 Did I with most then longer vile approve,
 Though in th'Espous'd. When good we deem of ill,
 So prove to us infallibly it will.

J O S E P H.

URge me no more ; the Rock unmov'd outbraves
 Tempestuous Seas reverberating Waves ;
 Where after long dispute, held with despight,
 Froth is but all the issue of the fight.
 With minde resolv'd against sins deadly rage,
 'Tis best our hearts now early we engage :
 And with this bosome-guest a bargain strike,
 That to resist, and all its ways dislike.
 This I endeavour, and this now must do,
 By so opposing all that comes from you ;
 Since all your aim, I now too well do know,
 Is at my Soul, to work its overthrow.
 But I am taught with flesh and blood to fight,
 That flesh and blood in which you so delight ;
 And this Contest I must as long maintain,
 As Sin, or you, my Tempter shall remain.

Where know, for God will plead my righteous Cause,
 Built on the bottom of his sacred Laws;
 That all shall yield to my prevailing arm,
 That hath a tendency my Soul to harm,
 You are indeed my Mistress, this I grant,
 Whilst you your Lord obey, nor ways do haunt,
 Or upon me impose, forbidden known;
 Therefore cease boasting, you are not your own.
 These things please not my Lord's, although your mind;
 Though you're my Dame, your own you're not, you'll find.
 Your body's no more yours, (lost by one word)
 But now for ever *Putiphar's*, your Lord.
 And by old Proverbs since you can contend,
 Let me, I pray, one likewise recommend,
 Well known to you: Each Wife (by fixed lot)
 Is Mistress of her Lord, but body not,
 Must I your Law impos'd on me fulfil?
 If just it be indeed, I must and will:
 But if this Law with Piety contends,
 It is not just, nor serve I wicked ends.
 None are by Vassalage so strictly bound,
 That they to sin should be obedient found;
 Nor if a Mistress doth things vile impose,
 Do Slaves rebel; that those commands oppose,
 O how you erre, to think in means men great;
 May as they please employ their vast estate!
 What means the Law, (sure thus is its abuse,
 Where men their means to hurtful ends do use)
 But to enjoy their use to wholesome ends,
 On which so much the Countreys good depends?
 And 'tis good Counsel, Madam, though from me,
 Let not your Slave by you employed be
 To things unjust: This Counsel where rejected,
 There with disdain I've seen commands neglected.

If with your Honour you your Servant trust,
 And on his shoulders yokes impose unjust,
 With dear repentance you will quickly see,
 That trusted Honour villify'd shall be.

He through Fame's Trumpet shall your deeds proclaim,
 And then through Towns & Countries your dear Name
 Shall be worse render'd than from limit fled,
 Though his first Story much the truth outsaid.

Where therefore faithful Service you would have,
 No Privy-Counsellor make of your Slave.

Within my Breast no Lust I entertain,
 Yet, trust me, this not out of proud disdain :

In me no scornful Spirit I do finde,
 Fear to my God is that which awes my Minde.

But now your Loves esteem you would advance,
 And conquer me to that vile dalliance,

By shewing how your glozing tongue obtain'd
 This stay at home, and for me sickness feign'd.

Alas! are these the Symptomes of a minde

To simple Truth and Faithfulness inclin'd ;

Or not much rather to injurious deeds,

Of Perjury that from false hearts proceeds ?

And yet how desperate too, to hang a cloak

Of Sickness over all, and so provoke

The Mighty God ; as if he were not worth

His Creatures fear that crawls upon the earth.

But we may Presidents to witness call,

How oft such minds in his just hands do fall.

And now shall stretcht-out Arms, or naked Breast,

Or Pray'rs devout unto my name address,

Perswade my minde, think you, belief to pay

To such pretences, and their Mood obey ?

Forbidden Lust it is that is your aim,

And thence yet never upright dealing came.

False to your Lord, to me you can't be true ;
 For dalliance over, then all Faith adieu.
 Truth never flows from Lies, these can't agree
 Friendly Indwellers in one brest to be.
 And with what Art do you Adultery seek
 To qualifie of guilt? a youthful trick
 It only name, in fashion now adays ;
 Not Criminal, because now common ways.
 But is not Theft a Crime? And pray what Theft
 Is now allow'd? Or where's a man bereft
 Of greater good, than of his Second-self?
 To whom all goods besides are but as pelf.
 Thieves that rob here, steal more from honest men,
 Than what they ever can restore agen.
 O, of its vileness when I do reflect,
 What horror doth it not in me inject!
 Of sins with which so humane hearts abound,
 Sure than this Lust no viler there is found;
 Which at its height becomes in this most vile,
 Where Wedlock's sacred sheets it doth defile.
 For other sins that universal charm
 Have not, nor do they work in men that harm;
 They being rather of external kinde,
 As to the Body; this enslaves the minde
 Not only, but each limb, and pierceth through
 Marrow and bone (where Virtue bids adieu,)
 So holding on, till Strength be gone and Grace.
 And deep Remorse and Plagues supply their place.
 O! How may I Adulterous Limbs embrace!
 How thus God's Image in my Soul deface!
 Ay me! and how the sweets of Lust enjoy,
 And all my present peace of Soul destroy!
 Shall *Joseph* be in ways adulterous found?
 Sins vilest Lust, and where all Sins abound?

As in uncleansed finks of venomous kinde,
 All sorts of Vermine we behold conjoyn'd :
 Ah ! Lord assist, let this not seize on me ;
 By thy soft Grace let me restrained be :
 And in sure bonds hold thou my thoughts impure,
 That my dear Soul may be from Lust secure.
 Particular acts of men will not suffice
 Infallibly to teach us what to prize,
 And what things not ; what kinde of ways to chuse,
 Or on the other hand what to refuse.
 Our building's on God's Precepts, that's the ground
 Where true direction for our walk is found :
 And so as we to these our steps direct,
 So far we Lust discover and reject.
 Your Cause is not for *Abram's* fact allow'd ;
 Should we our Crimes with others failings shroud ?
 And yet no others Wife did he defile,
 Or Heritage with a false Heir beguile.
 Nor sought he *Sarah* to deceive hereby,
 'Twas her first Will made him here to comply.
 Nor Lust to cool by this, was his intent ;
 But of his house th'enlargement only meant.
 Produce you *Jacob* too ? Nor will you finde
 There ought that warrants this to Womankind.
 Yeilds God to Man this right ? Who doth not see
 That Women here no ways concerned be ?
 For once let Wives with many Men unite,
 What Generations shall be kept upright ?
 Or how the Issue understand at all,
 Who its own Father it may truly call ?
 I know you can no instance once produce,
 Where *Hebren*-wives, provok'd by Lust, did use
 Th'espos'd Womb ; or pre-engaged heart,
 Than to their Husbands otherwise impart.

Did *Sarah* ever to her Lord thus say,
 By you I cannot bear ; another way
 I'll therefore chuse ? O no, her lips ne'er spake
 Such impious words, much less did undertake
 The far more impious deed, With restless minde,
 Though *Rachel* longs for Issue, yet this kinde
 Of way abhorr'd to take ; nor ever known
 Were women with us so lascivious grown.
 But now how confidently next of *Lot*
 You vent your thoughts ? though who is free of spot ?
 And leprous sin, where it once leave obtains,
 Forward and forward towards act it gains.
 But did Lust reign in him ? Dare you aver,
 That this above all good he did prefer ?
 O no ; lo, God for his just Soul takes care,
 And this sole man in all he had doth spare.
 So witnessing that he was only found
 Guiltless of Lust, for which God curst the ground,
 And if we on his fault, you hint, reflect ;
 'Twill but your frail defence the more detect.
 Before him, of a fire that rag'd behinde
 Fly ill-aboding sparks, where all Mankinde
 That there drew breath, and Flocks, and stately Towers
 Are fuel to those strange prodigious showers.
 Till afterwards he sees no more his Mate,
 Or hears her footsteps he but heard of late.
 For which huge griefs upon his spirits seize,
 More strong than can by tears finde restful ease :
 Whose force the better therefore to escape,
 He for a Cordial dreins the bleeding Grape ;
 Where over-free with this uxorious fruit,
 He, drunken, yields to its too strong dispute.
 In this *Lot* fail'd, for which God on him sent
 Judicial Judgments of a large extent ;

So that enthrall'd therewith, he then knew not
Wherein so greatly he himself forgot.

Thus when Temptations do our Souls surprize
With false delight, and season the disguise.

Unto our time of grief, scarce the sincere
Can then consider what they see or hear.

Beyond their griefs desire, and then the heart
Who knows, forgives and heals the tempted part.

For he the Will considers if upright,
Or Minde that erres, if but by oversight;

And cancels those transgressions, as not done
By him that did them through surprize led on;

Though for example, and for his behoof,
If lov'd by him, he frees not from reproof.

But with premeditated lust to rage,
The flesh by provocation to engage

In those unruly obscene flames, ah me
How should this justify'd in this case be?

You unsurpris'd have time to weigh your case,
Yet obstinate, no Counsel will embrace.

Lot knew not what he did by's Cups abus'd;
Your guilt, you see, is therefore unexcus'd.

O how your mind is bound in Chains of error,
To think no time the great *Jehovah's* terror

Against lusts fire in judgments did make known,
Although, as yours, so formidable grown.

Lo, Wedlocks Ordinance as soon was laid,
As the fair Female for the Man was made,

Who, though but one, yet so sufficient known,
For help to him, with her becoming one.

God's Spirit by each Vice to hate's alarm'd;
But chiefly he his wrath with fury arm'd

Brings on hot lust, and that doth swiftly turn
In showrs on those who in such flames do burn.

This caus'd of old those floods o'r Hills to flow,
 Where flocks once graz'd, where feet of men did go.
 The skies themselves were threatned : what before
 Was Land, for this lo, Sea without all Shoar,
 Nor any thing that breath'd would God then spare;
 But onely of each kind one single pair
 Of Male and Female; other unpair'd heaps
 Th' floods Pris'ners were, and perish'd in those deeps.
 If this suffice not, then I more can shew :
 Once *Abram* came with *Sarah* here, who grew
 Soon famous at this Court, which entertain'd
 Him better for her sake ; there both remain'd
 As of one womb, (she being sister call'd
 By him) until her beauty high extoll'd
 Saluted *Pharaohs* ears, whole heart in flame
 Of growing lust by that report became.
 Yet when with her this lust he did intend
 To cool, see how God on his house did send
 Unusual judgments, punishments unknown,
 Till he restor'd to *Abraham* his own.
 And thus if God a fault of ignorance
 In Princes plagues for lust, he'll sure advance
 Worse on that slave, that boldly dare defile
 His Masters bed, and know his guilt the while.
 When *Abram* afterwards did steer about
 His course to *Gerar*, (though it fell not out)
 Yet did not God that Prince to death assign,
 Told in a Dream, because he did incline
 In lust to wife? Mark but what words severe;
Abimilech, thou'rt dead, except my fear
 Constrain thee straight the Marry'd to restore
 Untouch'd unduely, as she was before.
 Thus lust by God abhorr'd, we by this time
 May learn, and held by men a heinous crime:

For hereupon, *Abimelech*, we see,
 Declaring this alike most vile to be,
 And if you look where our large flocks do feed,
 And where our Herdsmen them to Pasture lead,
 You shall not shew that yet at any time
 Our *Hebron* left unpunish'd such a crime,
 How very nigh had *Thamar* been expos'd
 To cruel flames, if she had not disclos'd
 Then *Judah's* pledge, by whom with child she went,
 And doom'd for that to this fierce punishment?
 Nor think that *Judah* first that Law did make,
 As if design'd alone for *Thamar's* sake;
 He was nor Head nor Judge within that Land,
 Nor doom could give but as those Laws did stand,
 But why our Maids behaviour bring you here,
 Since nothing there can for your Cause appear?
 What *Sarah* erst and *Rachel* since did do,
 Were different ways from these now chole by you,
 Withal, your Husband if not once content,
 Sure hereunto you never will consent
 To lend him to anothers bed, you who
 To two at once with heated lust now glow;
 And yet withal how vainly you uphold
 This evil Cause from Tales by Courtiers told,
 As if the wanton Court should Precepts give
 To honest minds for Guidance how to live?
 But that man in best things who would excel,
 Must shun the Court, there doth no Virtue dwell;
 And they who listen to unchast discourse,
 Though well inclin'd, are made thereby the worse.
 So it provokes lewd thoughts, and to impure
 Desires unwary minds it doth allure,
 But what comes here? should Rest in Pain be plac'd?
 Or things sweet held, for being sowre of taste?

With

With labour hazardous what will be gain'd,
 Shall that the more with love be entertain'd?
 Because forbid on pain of death, shall we
 Love what's forbid, and Rebels choose to be?
 Sure that man's mad whose principle's so vain,
 To place his Ease in Danger, Rest in Pain.
 So Flies corruption love, there build their Cell;
 Nor can those humming Insects, elsewhere dwell;
 So Fenny Leeks refection find in blood,
 And brutish Asses thistles make their food.
 O praise no things as sweet, that are thus sowre;
 We love no summers frost, nor winters flower.
 Who with allowed food can't nature still,
 Hath an unnatural appetite to ill:
 Who hath so gormandizers greedy seen,
 That Meats by others which bespew'd have been
 Yet have devour'd? Not any sure's so wild
 To creep in beds whose sheets he knows defild.
 The flower when dreined of its Virgin smells,
 And grape of liquor which dull grief repels,
 Nothing is left but that which none will use:
 Sapless unsavory relicks all refuse.
 The sick of youth, who hates a single life,
 A Maid besits, not any husbands wife:
 For him a Noddy's good, fresh pluckt, not one
 In other's hands, whence all the strength is gone,
 Methinks in spotless love, where of one mind,
 In *Hymen's* band, two are for ever joyn'd,
 Whom, except death, no evil can divide,
 There sure serenest comfort must reside.
 O in our primier years what sweet is there,
 Where such agreeing minds together pair!
 Who in their chaste delight withal obtain
 This added peace, that this God did ordain.

But where lewd wives, inclin'd to nought but ill,
 Their bodies prostitute to strangers will,
 There is no true delight, for joy can't be,
 Whence chastity disgrac'd is made to flee.

SEPHYRA

THou hast a fluent tongue for Virtu's praise,
 And still injoy'st it unimitable ways:
 But of those many things thou dost rehearse,
 Unjustest Doctrine dost with all disperse.
 What, shall men onely their refection have
 Of dalliance, and shall the Wife be slave?
 Since, as thou sayst, she's made for his delight,
 Who yields her due when powerles to deny't,
 It will not hold, when Souls of men we see
 Incline to lust, that women yet should be
 From those sweet joys debarr'd: why should not plea-
 As well as grief to both be shar'd like measure? (sure
 Lo, when a Father from a single state
 His Daughter to a Married will translate,
 Is't not his care that she, his fond delight,
 May wedded be to one propitious wight,
 Who can in amouf sweetly with her spend,
 And to her passions equal flames extend?
 For this I judge first Wedlock was ordain'd,
 That marry'd pairs in that strict union chain'd,
 As well to joy as grief alike should be
 Yoakt, and for ever in those terms agree.
 Who in this state then steps, he should incline
 Thenceforth to's wife, and all his youth resign
 To the full pleasures of her mind in chief:
 And this who doth not do, is sure a thief.

Poor

Poor Soul, the only 'tis that pays the smart,
 If he elsewhere divides from her his heart ;
 Or if abroad he breaks his head with cares,
 Thereby at home she's left to divers snares.
 This for a rule I state, nor without reason,
 That each kind Husband should at every season
 Be to his wife devoted with pure thought ;
 Which who neglects, performs not what he ought.
 Where once the man his Covenant-bonds doth break,
 The wife there leave obtains hers off to shake :
 For why to him should she devoted be,
 If to his duty he will not agree ?
 Well, let my Lord frequent the Royal Throne,
 But shall then I, though Married, yet alone,
 In hateful singleness my youth thus spend ?
 O no, this mind doth other things intend.
 As I more am'rous am, more soft inclin'd,
 So to those passions I'll refreshment find
 From strangers hands. When fire is in a Town,
 By forrain streams men bring its fury down.
 Methinks my Lord with cares enough was ply'd,
 When th'Court with daily meats he did provide,
 And when whatever th'Royal board depress'd,
 By his direct command was only dress'd :
 Yet could not this suffice ; Ambition knows
 No bounds, but after greatness ever grows,
 More eager bent : the heart once gone astray
 From the mid-road, content thence hasts away.
 The late Lord Chamberlain few days since past,
 Through heart-sick pain upon his bed was cast :
 A fit of Frenzy, with a lung-bred cold,
 Of deaths approach, by his fore-runners told ;
 Each ready made, and from all corners drew
 The sick to visit, all with mournful shew,

But merriment of mind. One for the state;
 Another for the tempting gold laid wait,
 Your Lord, not slowest of these Mammon-friends;
 His Interest 'gainst these so well defends.
 To his dear Prince, that he the place obtain'd,
 While yet the Patient here alive remain'd,
 And with this Charge now he is overcome,
 Nor can regard what things are done at home.
 The Royal Chamber doth his Soul possess;
 There's his converse, there rests his happiness.
 'Tis of huge consequence the Prince's mind
 Each morning to discover how inclin'd,
 And seek to gain it. Sleep then cares allay,
 And that's the hour of all the following day :
 For from repose new rais'd, he's best of mind,
 And favours then from him more free we find,
 Than through the day may kindly be obtain'd.
 With him who breakfasts, him that day hath gain'd.
 This my Lord tells me; and before each day
 Can peep, hastes thither, where though I his stay
 Implore, he's deaf; and though in tears, yet so
 Forfakes me comfortless. But let him go:
 His own injustice turns his Right to me
 So forfeited by him eternally.
 For since his body he to me denies,
 My Marriage-promise I'll as much despise.
 Wherefore, I pray, should I thus tedious nights
 Languish for want of conjugal delights;
 And scorched with excess of youthful fires,
 Perish without redress in those desires?
 He to his Prince conveys himself away,
 Him to salute before approaching day;
 Whilst I am left without the slender bliss
 Of Nights repast, or Mornings farewell-kiss.

But

But what I thus have born shall now suffice:
 Ways for my own content I will devise
 As well as he; nor ought shall me deter,
 Or move me this conclusion to deter.
 He who to strangers beds so much is bent,
 Gives cause that others do his Wives frequent.

F O S E P H

AH, think you thus with shew of right to hide
 The grossest Crimes, whilst you all rights deride!
 Methinks it empty sounds, (like hollow walls)
 Which easily before right reason falls.
 Is't just a Wife to thoughts luxurious bent,
 To others should bold accusations vent,
 Because her husbands better temper'd mind
 Not always is with hers to lust inclin'd?
 Should she how he (unto her slave) disclose
 In bed towards his wife doth him dispose?
 O no! the Bridal Curtains drawn must be,
 Where no officious eyes may pierce to see:
 Thids there so bold may never be to pry,
 When Man and Wife in their Pavilion lye.
 A pregnant saying some time since I learn'd,
 Which very much the Nuptial sheets concern'd:
 There, whether joy or misery accrue,
 Let it be wisely secret kept 'twixt two.
 As head, the Man's not bound the lustful will
 At all times of his Consort to fulfil.
 'Twixt them a difference we are taught to make,
 She being onely formed for his sake.
 If Similies might rectifie your mind,
 A teaching one you in the Mill might find,

Whose wings ne'r move in circulating course,
 But as they're whirl'd by winds of greater force :
 And this the Wife should to her self improve,
 Who from her self should neither stir nor move,
 But by her Lord, his temper well discern,
 And move as his desires chill grow or burn.
 Is he now drown'd in sorrows sable plight?
 'Tis then no time to cover lusts delight.
 She of his changes should be well aware :
 If blithe, rejoyce with him; if sad, forbear.
 And though it possibly should so befall,
 That in Domestick things no care at all
 He would vouchsafe, yet should no married wife
 For that break Faith, and lead a Harlots life.
 Alone it is through ways adulterous found,
 The Gordian knot of Wedlock is unbound :
 And though the Wife should blameless be, yet she
 Ought not a prostitute to others be,
 But first should be divorced from his side;
 And single so become, so years abide;
 Or what I value more, thenceforth abstain
 From love, and manless all her days remain.
 But you seek not for things that you betide:
 To be divorc'd, but would 'twixt two divide
 Your bodies use, and veil'd in wedlocks shew,
 The easier seek to gain for one man two.
 This but too well is seen : for who will say
 But thus your flesh seeks out of bounds to stray,
 And craftily behind a masque doth aim
 To play the Harlot, and be freed from shame?
 Well then, the cheat is plain, and plain I'll be
 To tell you thereto I shall not agree.
 I have a Lord above, though sure you are
 My Mistress, therefore such things shall forbear.

SEPHYRA.

But though unjust my Cause thou deem'st to be,
 Yet let not now this rare Occasion flee
 Neglected; since access is by my Lord
 To thee vouchsaf'd, what his age can't afford
 To do with me. Himself hath brought us hither,
 That as by his own conduct we together
 In Loves might swim: O shame, if such a day
 Without fruition should then slip away!
 He on the Court and that ambitious state
 Has fixt his Heart, and all his future Fate
 There now and ever dwells. I all the day
 Am here alone; What then obstructs thy way?
 His time's employ'd to journey up and down,
 As Envoy unto Realms of great renown
 That influence this Court; So that we see
 None so belov'd by his dear Prince as he.
 And 'tis the Prince's Minion which his heart
 Covets to be, that by the Vulgar part
 He might be worshipp'd, and *Egypt's* Land
 Observance yield unto his sole Command.
 O how he thirsts a thousand Knees to see
 For his good Favour suppliant to be!
 And as he ever dwells at Court, h's minde
 Thence cannot come, to be at home inclin'd:
 Where if he be sometimes, what need we fear,
 Since his Mind's absent, whilst his Body's there?
 Thus who by Courtly Glory is deceiv'd,
 All shews to him as real are believ'd:
 And he his home who makes not his delight,
 May easily be turn'd out from his Right.

Who

Who can so fair an hour for this design
 View free from dangers, and yet not incline
 To use the season? sure 'tis thy belief,
 That oft an open door creates a thief;
 And yet here's more: amongst our Serving-men
 My Lord more fit none deems for Steward than
 Wife *Joseph*; none to him may Rival be:
 There's nothing pleaseth, but what comes from thee;
 On whom he dotes; nor can he entertain
 Hard thoughts of *Joseph*, or them long retain.
 If sporting with his Wife he saw thee lye,
 Yet to Civilities he'd all apply,
 See then how sweet a bit salutes thy lip
 Now to a taste; if yet thou let'st it slip,
 Thou merit'st shame. He who what season gives
 Will not accept, in after-sorrow lives.

J O S E P H.

Though Time and Place at your design may smile,

Yet no occasion serves men to be vile;

Though opportunities to wish attend,

Yet these no sinful practice may befriend.

Consult your Case with cunning men, that know

The influences of the Stars below;

They never there, I'm sure, observ'd that day

In which men might unlawful lust obey.

O no! conveniency may never make

Unjust things just, which you now undertake.

'Tis true, occasion swiftly hence doth bend,

But this no foul Transgressions doth intend.

Though my Lord's business him oft calls from hence,

This me to duty should the more intense.

More faithfulness from servants hands, men say,
 Expected is when Masters are away.
 Let him be who he will, he who will ply
 His duty onely in his Masters eye,
 I deem a Varlet; for who fears the Lord;
 Like pains unseen will as when seen afford.
 They who their servants value would discry,
 Must eye them when they think no viewer nigh.
 Hate, me from *Hebron* drove, whence by Gods hand
 Men me a Slave brought into *Egypt* Land;
 In which state God I know expects I shew
 That faithfulness to whom 'tis now his due.
 Despis'd though first I was, voyd of respect,
 Me yet, so low, my God would not reject.
 This said I to my self; Behold thy call,
 Serve *Potiphar*; but serve thy God withal;
 Be sure thou never dost from him depart,
 He loves in every state the pure of heart:
 Which singleness, what ever from Gods hand
 Betides thee, in thy breast engrav'd let stand.
 Though but humanity I would respect,
 And for a warrant my mean thoughts direct
 To Laws of men, here were enough for me
 The foul embracements of your names to see.
 My Masters house most largely God hath crown'd
 As with rich shewrs, with blessings that abound;
 His numerous bleating flocks increas'd hath he,
 That graze on Hills, and Ships that coast the sea;
 His Household multiplies, his Land doth bring
 All store of fruits, his state grows with the King;
 He is at Court belov'd by high and low,
 And so at home, where all things prosperous go;
 This likewise well he knows: in words compos'd
 Of plainest drefs he frequently disclos'd,

That

That God for my sake him thus greatly blest'd,
 Which too in grateful language he express'd.
 And now his private things attend my will,
 All's well I do, nor can I do what's ill.
 Such constant love to me I find he bears,
 As men would yield unto their only Heirs.
 Of all things ample power I did obtain,
 You only did excepted here remain.
 If therefore to the Laws I institute
 I make this house comply, this doth but sute
 With what's my charge ; but none of these extend
 Unto your person ; there arriv'd, they end.
 You an Inclosure hallow'd are to none
 But him, and unto him must be alone.
 Nothing may be so hardy to frequent
 Your borders, and your honour circumvent :
 How could I then but prove abhorred, vile,
 If thus I should my Masters bed defile ;
 Thus bring unto so base, so foul a fall
 His bosomes Treasure, love, and life, and all ?
 Surely from Reason then I should decline,
 Or from what's humane, common discipline ;
 So bold if I should be both to despise
 My God and Masters favour, in that wise.
 Much better I no more drew breath to live,
 Than hate for kindness, bad for good to give.
 So double guile abhorred is by me,
 None (above all deep-trusted) false should be.
 What busie rumours should through *Egypt* ring,
 What scandal on our people should I bring,
 If in those ways which you have now begun
 With you I equally should chuse to run !
 Is this the youth (would be the say) the seed
 Of *Abram*, this of them whom God decreed

His people, this the Lad so highly prais'd,
 And beyond others to preferment rais'd ?
 Hence thou and all thy kin ; from whom it seems
 In vain 'twas not, part of your lustful limbs
 Were forc'd, as soon, almost, as men did find
 You breath ; what pity ought was left behind ?
 Well, 'tis my Charge of our Domesticks, each
 To keep in bounds, subjection due, and teach
 By rods the Criminal ; so here I stand
 Judge and Law-giver by my Lords command.
 But shall I, their Supreme, a Judge sever
 By heavy hands for each offence appear ?
 Shall I on others Laws impose, and yet
 My self the foulest practices commit ?
 Or shall I when the lazy do neglect
 Their work, forthwith their negligence correct ;
 Yet wholly destitute of shame the while,
 As like a Goat, my Masters bed defile ?
 The Chief when he in vicious courses lives,
 More than the sin is the offence he gives :
 For as to th' sin, that wounds alone his score ;
 But the offence extends to many more.
 O therefore kill these thoughts, which so abuse
 Your noble mind such fordid things to chuse.
 How should it ever be for Vassals meet,
 Their Lords dear Name to trample under feet ;
 And on by lustful inclinations led,
 Uncover and pollute their Masters bed ?

SEPHY-

SEPHYRA.

IF Reason cannot move your marble-mind,
 Yet let that goodness which in me you find
 Towards you, to the like awaken you.
 Love may produce what Reason could not do.
 As Lime in lasting Pyramids, we find,
 Each little stone therein doth firmly bind :
 So Friendship is, in Love's uniting chains,
 Which hearts together joyns, and join'd maintains.
 Unworthy amongst Sons of men to live,
 Is he, for love who no return will give ;
 And thus unworthy you'l your self approve,
 If all my kindness you to none may move.
 Though here you came an ignominious slave,
 Yet as at home, all liberty you have,
 And by my means : from *Potiphar* you see
 Large signs of love, but larger far from me.
 On our best things to put you 'tis our strife ;
 He works of honour gives, I of sweet life :
 So that no greater evil here you find,
 Except to you perchance we are too kind.
 He with affairs that takes away at night
 Your rest, employs you ; I with soft delight.
 With ponderous things your care he loads, where
 Bid you but fix on me a courteous eye.
 No day doth pass wherein I don't accost
 You in some place or other, where I'm lost
 In sighs unutterable, looking so
 As sad dejected lovers use to do.
 If then alone I find you, language sweet,
 Which but for Husbands, not for slaves is meet,

I give. By your neglect if ought is mist,
 I calmly take it, nor on pay insist.
 Amongst our Nobles are you introduc'd ;
 That my good will alone for you produc'd.
 When in Apparell any dress that's new
 Arises, that's procur'd forthwith for you ;
 Though seemingly to honour *Potiphar*,
 Because his Steward, and with him you are.
 But ah how far from that is the design
 Towhich my soul so strongly doth incline ?
 How I revive, within this Court to view
 A youth of Body and of Limbs like you !
 As sprightly, lordly, and so courtly clad ;
 The bare remembrance makes my fancy glad.
 Rich presents wheresoever they may be gain'd,
 I thenceforth plot how they may be obtain'd
 Best for you onely, so that none may be
 Dividers with you, but the whole for thee.
 If tidings for my Lord for some to tell
 Falls out, and know I it may please him well ;
 I charge you with it : mournful tydings are
 For common wretches, not for you to bear.
 Bestows my Lord upon our Family
 A new-years-gift, or what may th'like imply ;
 You both at first with them alike do fare,
 And after get from me a nobler share.
 If of my Gentlewomen 'tis desir'd
 One may the errand bear, of you requir'd
 'Tis first of all ; for nothing's good esteem'd,
 Not good or pertinent by *Joseph* deem'd.
 But why thus heap I words ? on every side
 Thus you through me furcharg'd with love abide :
 But where's my lone ? how are you grateful seen ?
 When one hand washes tother, both's made clean.

Can he with Reason, although scarce upright,
 Her for her love with fullen hate requite;
 Nay, and resist it too? has he the face
 To meet his Ladies suit will foul disgrace?
 Lo, Discipline, and common Brotherhood,
 Teacheth us love for love to render, good
 For good: and should you not that love which I
 Have shewn you, yield me back with usury?
 Ingrate! so be thou call'd, for favours sake
 So num'rous which of me thou didst partake,
 Since all no one return again can move:
 How are those looks, though lovely, void of love!
 My sweetest hopes to this disastrous day,
 As with swift winds, I see are snatch'd away.
 From thee nor languid sighs, lamenting moans
 Once notice move, nor yet my dying groans.
 To Court I sent thee, there some time to spend;
 By which I so thy breeding did intend:
 But that it seems with thee found favour small,
 For where it should be shown, there's none at all.
 But stay, forgetful I too far advance:
 I know this flows not from dull ignorance;
 The will's perverse. Can't *Joseph* if he would?
 O yes, but fancy doth his power withhold.

J O S E P H to himself.

A Harlots favours, like gilt Pills appear,
 Which please the eye, but eat, the bowels tear;
 Disgust the palate, like to filthiest drink;
 Gripe the faint stomach, and depart with stink.
 This now I plainly see. *Seph.* What's that, you say?
 What is't you in those murmurs overlay,

I must not hear? How will you in a Cloud
 Abscond your reasons now? reply aloud.
 How with your mind did my last reasons speed?
 Prevail'd they ought? *Jos.* Not any thing indeed.
Seph. Can kindness gain from you then no return?
Jos. Yes, but in you, that grace I can't discern.
Seph. Is this my lone? then I my pains may blame.
Jos. Self-interest favours none will kindness name.
Seph. But what unkindness have I shewn you? say.
Jos. What e're you could to steal my heart away.
 Ah me! when men false baits to fishes hold,
 Frighted with sweetness, but which death infold,
 Is this a kindness? flows this from good will?
 The very love pretended 'tis doth kill.
 And such your favours are, so they abuse
 The Soul with lyes, and certain death produce.
 But I, of other favours too can sing,
 Than yours more real far, and great, which bring
 Upon their wings Salvation, and intend
 A love indelible, that hath no end.
 That God it is, in whom I boast this love,
 Who in these ways you run, forbids me move:
 Whose so great favours I should ill repay,
 (If that were all) if I should disobey.
 He from my Bretherens Blood-thirsty-hands,
 From a deep Dungeon, fierce enslaving bands,
 Inevitable death prepar'd for me,
 Hath rescu'd; and from danger set me free.
 At length me in this happy state hath plac'd,
 And therein, with high honours greatly grac'd;
 Affording me conduct in that affair
 Committed to my charge, and to my care.
 Thus hath God done, and shall I him offend,
 And draw his wrath upon me without end?

For such unstable flitting joys, shall I
 Chuse lasting woe, and from my blessing fly ?
 To Carnal loves shall I my self betake,
 And foolishly the love of God forsake ?
 Then lead my future days in grief of heart,
 Where nothing earthly, comfort can impart.
 If kindnesses should hearts morosest tame,
 And to the Donor with kind love inflame ;
 Sure then I ought to yield my God this mind,
 Who has to me, beyond you far, been kind.

SEPHYRA.

TUsh, what has God to do with me or you ?
 Our good adds not to him, nor is it true
 That he fond man regards ; for him be griev'd,
 Whose trouble in his thoughts he ne're receiv'd ?
 'Tis madness : what of Gods fierce plagues is said,
 Serves but to make the Vulgar sort afraid ;
 And that th'unlearned rabble of a Land
 Might by such means be kept in strait command.
 In Heav'nly Altitudes God dwells, to know
 For us too high ; what should he do below
 Amongst such clods of earth, or mortals mind,
 Who in his Image his delight doth find ?
 Should that great Prince, that's Father of the Light,
 That boundless power, judge man's vain works of night,
 Here on this dreary dale ? should his great Soul
 Consider filly worms in dust that roul ?
 He in high Paradise 'bove Angels ken,
 Triumphant sits, and rules, whence ways of men
 He can't survey. As that abode is great,
 Ev'n so contemptible's this lower state.

My house is stor'd with most retir'd Alcoves,
 Fitted to entertain us in our loves.
 Profoundly hid, they cunningly lye clos'd,
 In ambages perplexing, where expos'd
 No part is to the Sun : to this I ways
 Have all that hinders to remove. Delays
 Nor any may presume, but strait must go
 Then far enough. What is't love cannot do ?
 Knots though most intricate we can exolve,
 When taught by Love, and sayings dark resolve,
 In most ambiguous matters, ways find out
 The prize to gain, and bring our ends about.
 I, ever since Love set my mind on flame,
 Soon Mistris of these Mysteries became ;
 Though chiefly fraud, I couzen whom I will
 My fervent passions to obey, fulfil.
 Nor without lyes shall ever Lover be
 Possessor of's desir'd felicity.

F O S E P H.

THink you so closely then your Plots to hide,
 That by no piercing eye they should be spide ?
 Shall none your works of darkneis undisguise ?
 O you're deceiv'd, things shall go otherwise.
 He who the eye did make, should he not see,
 Who all these Beings fashioned that be ?
 Should he not all things see, that made the sight,
 That fram'd the Sun, and first produc't the Light ?
 Obscure in gloom of night your filthy works,
 (And true it is, sin still in darkneis lurks ;)
 Within the most retir'd Alcoves prepare
 To take your pleasure, and no eye think there :

Yet

Yet know, that eye that slumbers not nor sleeps,
 Sees all, and of your ways strict reckoning keeps,
 Even to your inmost thoughts. No Cave can hide
 You, or your works from his bright eyes divide.
 Put on the clipping pinions of the day,
 And to Earths bounds hast then, and wing away :
 Or where the Ocean ends, there you will find
 Him likewise present, fathoming your mind ;
 Your mind, whose thoughts afar off he surveys,
 Before Conception has there hatch'd its ways :
 Your mind, which cannot think, or cannot do,
 Can he not know, and better know than you ?
 It boots you not in lowest Vaults to lurk,
 Or by Night favour'd, deeds of Night to work :
 For Night is Day to God, darkness as light,
 And all things naked to his piercing sight.
 Well, but it seems to God the Heav'ns you'd give,
 So, as you pleas'd, you in the world might live.
 But me ! how vain is this which you conceive !
 With God it is not as you would believe.
 O your Creator better learn to know,
 And more respect with due submission show,
 When of him you discourse. No mortal he,
 Nor humane is, as you would have him be.
 Heaven his ubiquity by sight doth know ;
 And though not seen, yet is he here below ;
 Both here, and every where ; nor may you name
 That place where his dread Spirit never came.
 And at that instant I now know him here,
 I likewise know him present every where,
 Yet undivided, and essentially.
 Whilst we fly from him, unto him we fly.
 Had you the power by counterfeiting shews,
 The eyes of men and reason to abuse,

'Twould

'Twould not avail you ; 'tis not here or there
 Will hide your deeds to God which naked are.
 As wicked boys who so their Plots contrive,
 That into them none of the youth can dive,
 What boots it yet, if he them understands,
 Who for their punishments the rod commands ?
 But what speak we of Man, made of a clod
 Of despicable Earth ! let's on his God
 That made him now reflect, whose powerful hand
 Nor Heaven, nor Earth, nor can the Seas withstand.
 Nay, Seas their rage forget, Winds calm remain,
 When he commands, and rocks do rend in twain.
 Heavens melt for fervent heat, oppress'd with fears,
 Like man distress'd, that sheds for anguish tears.
 Moves he his voice, and gives the sea its doom ;
 Thus far, but farther not your Waves may come :
 The banks must check their fury, force detain,
 As fiery Steeds when curbed by the rein.
 Forth from his mouth huge damps like night do go ;
 Then following flames, which Nations overflow.
 To stone-heaps Towns he turns, and down doth fell
 All things against his judgment that rebel.
 His Chariot-steeds are th' pinions of the wind ;
 His way begirt with darkness, none may find.
 Swift flying Clouds that 'longst the Heaven glides,
 His nimble Chariot is, on which he rides.
 Th' Thunders his voice, if that breaks forth, then there
 Where *Sylvanes* Eccho, Hinds do calve that bear,
 And cast their unripe fruit o'th' trembling way.
 Hills skip affrighted, Plains do run away ;
 His Hosts are Thrones of mighty Cherubim,
 They hide his Char, attend as Guards on him.
 Of these Angelick Quarries numberless,
 That threat hence din of War, doth he possess,

Commixt with flames : a Night-resembling smoke
 Shoots from his nostrils when we him provoke,
 And clouds the Air ; so that the whole Sylvane
 Withers its leaf, and faints for anxious pain.
 He in the Clouds his signs doth shew, which threat
 Plague, Sword, or Famine, which here woes compleat.
 The Suns and Moons vast Orbs his word obey :
 Commands he, they stand still, or run their way.
 From him the three-fork'd Lightning darts its flash ;
 Which wheth'r it doth on rocks or Turrets dash,
 Such ruinous way it makes, that th' earth her womb
 Ghastly extends, and offers man a Tomb.
 The arched Rainbow, with embroidered rays,
 Strait from the troubled skies its light displays,
 When he commands ; where then it takes its place
 Right opposite where the Sun promotes his race.
 About the Sphere he thousand stars doth guide,
 Which never err, but ever surely glide :
 Their strength he knows, and numbers of them all ;
 Each by his name distinctly he doth call.
 As with thick wool, with snow he doth infold
 The naked fields. He sends his fearful cold
 That charmeth flowing streams ; then a south-wind,
 Which them from numbness doth again unbind.
 His dreadful Judgments over Realms he shakes ;
 From calm repose the sleeping sea he wakes
 To horrible uproar, as with his hands
 Drives ships in unknown deeps, men on strange lands.
 Leviathan, the terror of the Main,
 With pannick fear he troubles, till again
 He yields his borrowed Life, and until he
 Makes where he dyes, an Island in the sea.
 So awful is this glorious Majesty,
 Who whilst we onely name, our inwards be

Arrested

Arrested strait with dread ; nor can we find
 Repose whilst this continues in our mind.
 Come, Madam, then, your young affections yield
 To Heavenly things ; let them no more be fill'd
 With earthly trash, but thence withdraw your love,
 And henceforth fix it upon things above ;
 Where no remorse for sin nor pain doth dwell,
 But lasting joys, which these do far excel ;
 And where these joys, in one immortal May,
 Inebriate and fill the Soul for aye.
 This blissful state let's labour then to gain ;
 What though it cost us self-denying pain ?
 Since here we must the lust of flesh oppose,
 Or that felicity for ever loose ;
 Let us that lust with angry zeal controul,
 Unweariedly, which would deprive the Soul
 Thus of its rest. As wax before the fire,
 So spurious Lust would dye in our desire,
 If we would force our backward thoughts to be
 Converling with these matters frequently.
 When in us things of God we overlay,
 Our minds it strengthens, and drives sin away.

SEPHYRA.

But hold, fond Boy, Gods judgments let them heed,
 Whose steps are drawing near the grave, who speed
 Now down-hill to their end ; let them reflect
 On such dull Phantasms, and these joys reject.
 But why should we, that have not reach'd our Noon,
 Think on the period of our days so soon ;
 Disturb, by thoughts of other worlds, our rest
 And flee those joys of which we are possess ?

Age blith like Youth, like hoary age Youth grave !
 Things more discording not on earth we have.
 Dalliance becomes best Youth, as hand in hand
 With joy Youth couples, knits in am'rous band.
 Both their designs is Mirth and soft delight,
 As doth their Names, their humour's so unite;
 And both one soul (so they agree) possess;
 What the one covets, t'other craves no less.
Hymen in stricter union never joyn'd
 Two pleasant pairs of more agreeing mind.
Youth in his bloom, and now when South inspires
 Life in the Spring, and gathers into quires
 The scatter'd Nightingales, and decks the Hills
 With cheerful green, and Banks of gliding Rills:
 When Gardens re-assume their Summers pride,
 Where Art and Nature both in triumph ride,
 Whose various Flowers deceive the rasher eye,
 In taking them for curious Tapistry:
 Then three chief pleasures he to him assumes,
 With which the hasty minutes he consumes.
Jocundity the first, compos'd of air,
 That knows no sadness, nor doth laughter spare;
 Who not on Earth, but as on Air doth tread;
 Each step he makes with ever tossing head.
 Next, *Play*, whose fingers strike the warbling string,
 Which moves the Soul, and into tune doth bring;
 Whose musick regulates dividing feet,
 That move in dance, and makes both fitly meet.
 And lastly, *Chace*, to fallow-Deer inclin'd,
 But which in Cities, not in Woods we find;
 Hotly pursuing, till within his toyls
 He has obtain'd some of those beauteous spoils.
 Then sweet-lip'd *Jay* attractively array'd,
 With soft Habilliments, whereon pourtray'd



Are Loves inventions, though her brighter air
 Plunge hearts far deeper into am'rous care.
 The *Onyx* and the *Jaspers* various die,
 And *Diamonds* darken at her brighter eye;
 The *Saphyr's* blew, by her more azure veins,
 Seem to confess they serve but there for stains;
 And blushing *Rubies* seem to loose their die,
 When her more Ruby lips are moving by.
 The curious Apples of her swelling breasts,
 In which a *Paradise* of pleasure rests,
 Surpass the whitest *Syndon* which she wears,
 And gazing eyes to ravishment enflames.
 Thus clad and qualified, likewise she
 For her diversion has made choice of three.
 Song first, with quavering throat, who in soft lays
 Of moving Verse Loves mysteries displays:
 Or of *Salmosis* streams a Song indites,
 Which turns her listeners to *Hermaphrodites*.

Loose

Loose *Riot* next to revelling inclin'd,
 So to supply the concaves of her mind,
 Which must by merry Bouts a vent obtain
 Of that light Spirit, active in her brain.
 And lastly, *Snap* the belly-friend, whose taste
 In well-fed flesh than fruit finds more repast;
 Whose blood like Kids upon a mossy plain,
 Doth skip and dance *Levalto's* in each vein.
 Lo, what a jolly company is here!
 Methinks my youthful Soul with new-born cheer
 At their remembrance over-spread I feel,
 Which in each faculty doth gently steal.
 We both yet young, now flourish in our prime:
 You twenty seven scarce reckon of your time,
 I not so much; if now it may not be
 A time to love, that time we ne're shall see.
 Ah, why should youth his sweet desires controul,
 And with too pensive thoughts torment his Soul,
 Just when the fragrant bloom of Youth would sprout?
 But 'tis in vain, for youthful lust will out;
 It will have all its due: let th'aged grieve,
 Who now of love have took eternal leave;
 Let them with sighs converse, and groan to know
 High things, who with a third leg added go.
 As to like years, we to like mood incline;
 Of Sex both fit in acts of love to joyn.
 So kindly Nature hath our tempers wrought,
 That whilst we're two, we're made thus one in thought.
 Well then, cheer up, dull Soul, nor longer now
 To spend thy days in grief thy self allow:
 O do but see how all these joys do move,
 To serve thee in the practices of love!
 When aged furrows once thy face shall plough,
 No more then these delights will Love allow:

Of things uncomely, we the chiefest find,
 When age like youth to dalliance is inclin'd.
 Come then, to Nature, Mother of each thing,
 Let's for an Offring our youths verdure bring;
 Her Priests we are, her Temple my rooms name;
 My bed her Altar, and her fire our flame.
 Our days worst part is, when declining age
 Suddenly takes us with a deaths preface.
 Pluck therefore flowers, my youth, e're spring be past;
 Let's love that most, which doth but shortly last.
 Dost thou yet muse? Or is it timorous fear
 Withholds thy hand? Behold, thy blooming year
 With speedy feet to falling Autumn hies;
 And he who gets this fall, no more doth rise.

J O S E P H.

NOr reason, nor Religion 'tis, that I
 Should waſt my youth in carnal luxury.
 Too ſoon, you judge it, that with prudent care
 I for my haſting end ſhould now prepare:
 But is there any one, or can you tell
 When death ſhall ring us our departing knell?
 None can the meaſure of his days divine,
 Or when his Sun ſhall in its grave decline.
 Even now we by that Purſevant may be
 Hurried from hence to that Eternity,
 Where no repentance is allowed more
 To us, nor mercy which we ſcorn'd before.
 And yet you think the ſhortneſs of our days
 To ſo much more induſtry in the ways
 Of luſt ſhould us excite. O much beguild!
 Nor unto pooreſt reaſon reconcild.

Should

Should he who shortly must account produce
 Of his led life, be therefore more profligate
 Of his most precious minutes, and exerce
 His youthful vigor to obscene delight?
 'Tis as unreasonable, as tis sure,
 By many sins, we many plagues procure.
 O think how oft we crimson cheeks do view
 Suddenly change into death's bloodless hue!
 How oft vermilion-lips have been surpriz'd
 With hue more pale than box, and sacrific'd
 By death's inevitable stroak, to dwell
 With Spirits just, or evermore in Hell!
 Nay, though as young as you, yet have we seen
 Brisk morning looks, at evening who have been
 Wrapt in a winding-sheet; and oft at night,
 Eyes shut to sleep, that more ne're view'd this light.
 We daily see, (nor is it more a wonder)
 Mans Sun at noon declining, going under.
 And that which we on others acted see,
 Forewarns may happen either you or me.
 Gay youths as smook, that quickly fades away;
 We as our last should therefore think each day,
 And strive, as that persuasion did require,
 By setting things before it should expire.
 To God the fattest of the fold we yield,
 And so the first-fruits of the tilled field;
 How should we dare then with our own refuse
 Of feeble age, his Majesty abuse?
 If to the flesh our youth we give, and bring
 To God a crazy stump for offering,
 Members repleat by age with pains and akes,
 Whose palfie joynts for death's approaches shakes;
 What will he say? or how can we conceive
 He our performances should then receive?

More wisely therefore let's our time redeem,
 Whilst youth remains, which God doth most esteem :
 The young that seek him never fail to find,
 Nor he to give them graces in their mind :
 But he in time who this neglects, anon
 When he shall knock, shall find his season gone.

SEPHYRA.

THis yet agrees not with our years : men say,
 Deep thoughts on death make hairs untimely gray.
 Farewel good days to him who hereon pores ;
 To these dull humours therefore shut thy dores.
 Sorrow comes soon enough ; why with such kind
 Of pond'rings should we then afflict our mind ?
 He who on evils will before-hand muse,
 When come, in him will but more grief infuse.
 Yet let them mope that please ; how ill it suits
 With thee, fair boy, however ! strong disputes
 'Twixt Chastity and such fair looks as thine
 Are never wanting, till that grace incline
 To yield to the allurements which are layd
 In ambush for her, whereby she's betray'd.
 Behold, from lips the Coral which transcend,
 Soft moving words do flow, that love intend,
 And sue for a compliance ; nor can breasts
 More hard than Rocks deny their kind requests :
 And Pleasures thereto joyn'd, on every side,
 Of every kind still Virtue doth bestride,
 And conquer : Although never so austere,
 Even Virtue must the Charms of Love revere.
 But woe is me, to whom do I address
 All this discourse ? 'tis my unhappiness

To spend my sighs unto a flint, a stone;
 Yet stones have tears to weep, but thou hast none.
 Though nature made thee thus surprizing fair,
 (And sure where beauty is, Loves seat is there)
 Yet can my words, though from a troubled mind,
 In thee no pity, no compassion find.
 How can it be that in those looks should dwell
 Such cruel nature? O that fierceness quell!
 Be not so bloody-minded; imitate
 Thy lovely air; be kindly passionate.
 Those slaves who in the fiercest battles bear
 The brunt, and in worst dangers must appear,
 Or those who are transfix'd unto the Oare,
 Or who the plough do follow, can't be more.
 Them possibly it might become to be
 As rough as their rough skins, but never thee,
 Whose looks so sweet, so lovely do appear
 As if they said it, Gentleness is here.
 Thy education, and thy yet few days,
 Soft dalliance more becomes, and *Bacchus* ways.
 Sweet Malmsey with a Song, and on the knee
 A spritely Damsel, wondrously agree
 And suite with thy smooth Chin; nor can thy age
 It self from these soft pleasures disengage.
 Alas! to what, I pray, is beauty good?
 It bears no fruit, nor eat we it as food;
 Nor likewise was it for the plough design'd,
 It must be therefore but a shade or wind.
 If greater good may not be drawn from thence,
 Which who doth not deduce, is void of sense.
 Its fruit is purely joy; no good besides
 Within the borders of its view resides.
 The blushing Rose, though from the stalk ne're wrested,
 Or in gay wreaths by Virgin-hands invested,

Or by a Lover to his female friend
 Never bestow'd, yet should its beauty end
 To soon, behold how that its thirsty leaves
 Extends for dew each morning, and receives;
 Which, when they once no more obtain, they fade,
 Nor leave o'th' stalk more than the wither'd blade.
 Why shouldst thou spare that youth which wasts away
 So of it self? time onely a decay
 Works on it, and impairs its comely guise:
 This season therefore slip not, art thou wise.
 Do I love thee? I therewith thee accuse;
 Thy beauty 'tis that doth this love infuse:
 Whoever such surprizing looks beheld,
 And was not more than to esteem compell'd?
 None thirsty view the Font's aspiring source,
 Yet from a taft can their parcht throats enforce;
 Nor any fang'd with hunger, well-dress'd meat
 Before them see, yet can refrain to eat.
 Wine fill'd in glasses of a Chrystal white,
 Is drank with more refreshment and delight.
 Thou know'st though meats be ne'r so toothsome made,
 They're loath'd, if not in cleanly dishes layd.
 'Tis strange, yet true; by silence beauty gains
 Rough hearts to yield, nor once by words complains
 Although with eyes, yet melterh frozen breasts,
 And the obdurate, by those dumb requests.
 Nothing that from the lips of beauty streams,
 But like a dew, of birth celestial seems,
 And overtakes with ravishment the heart,
 Whether in jest address'd, or earnest part.

JOSEPH.

How! shall then Beauty, humane natures praise,
 Be made a glass where lustful eyes may gaze?
 When comely objects are beheld, then must
 The flesh, think you, arise in flames of lust?
 Was this the end when Natures hand did grace
 With those Divine, perfections humane race?
 O no, the gifts of our great God invite
 By no means man unto sin-born delight:
 Nor was this giv'n it self by lust to please,
 But by chaste Wedlock man-kind to encrease;
 His Masculine perfections her delight,
 Her female graces him to love excite.
 He loving her alone, she him, there are
 No thirds that in their bliss can claim a share.
 He gives, she draws his gifts by her fair eye;
 Nor can she crave the thing he can deny.
 And her desires agreeing so with his,
 They both contribute to compleat their bliss.
 This is the end of beauty, to allure
 Thus chaste affections that may long endure:
 And they, if chaste indeed, when beauty's gone,
 That beauty will out-live, that led them on.
 The words of beauty, you alledge, prevail,
 Ev'n though they should hearts made of rocks assail:
 And I am fair, say you, O but admit
 I might now say what mostly might besit
 Your so obdurate heart, and that might be
 Dissolved by the words that flow from me.
 Yet there is more, I for your Interest
 Humbly advise and press you; my request

Seeks but your safety, whereas yours to me
 Moves towards that which will my ruine be.
 Be then advis'd (and sure 'tis highly best)
 Let not henceforth your eyes upon me rest
 Lust to excite, but when you *Joseph* view,
 Think than a servant he's no more to you.
 'Tis not enough if we refrain the deed ;
 Lusts in the thoughts from guilty breasts proceed,
 And they who are inflamed in that kind,
 Bear before God a sin-polluted mind.
 Yet if the while my object in your breast
 Your lust should heighten, and destroy your rest,
 Great would my sorrow be : Nay, I before
 This should succeed, my face in purple gore
 Would certainly convert ; my killing eyes
 I would reward with equal cruelties :
 Within these cheeks my nails I would indent,
 And in that manner them so oft torment,
 Until no marks of beauty there should be
 More left, but horror, whence all eyes should flee.
 But you that beauty seek, convert your eyes
 Unto that glorious *Helion* ; a surprize
 Will seize your soul, from the first sight you gain,
 Which fixed there, in wonder will detain,
 And ardent love, and that will quite extrude,
 Which in your breast you now so close include.
 How vain, alas, is that we beauty call,
 In looks decypher'd which we so extol !
 Take thence the veil, and that which meets our sight
 Is sores which very nature doth affright.
 No sooner from our body is express
 That suspiration wherein life doth rest ;
 No sooner are our nostrils stopt, but strait
 Our beauty's gone, our glory finds a date,

The Corps then so forsook, extended are,
 Which with sad obsequies men mourning bear
 Unto their sable graves, where then they must
 Measure their cold proportions in the dust.
 There now behold your lovely beauty lye,
 Nor long expect, and you may feeding spy
 Self-quickning worms upon that flesh, whose sight
 Could once your Souls entirest thoughts delight.
 Well, therefore pray from thence revert your eyes;
 Nor longer with the world such beauty prize,
 But raise them up unto those things above,
 Which will both kindle and protect your love :
 For there is nothing in this lower sphear
 Which shall not into nothing disappear.
 But now, alas, your words too plainly shew,
 Not beauty 'tis, but horreur you pursue.
 The ugliness of sin who can express?
 And yet 'tis this at which your Soul doth press.
 If pencils could by deep and heightings art
 This Monster unto humane eyes impart,
 And half its ugliness delineate, we
 As from infernal plagues thence struck should flee.
 Produce us what you can that genders fright,
 Or huge amazement, or afflicts the sight ;
 All the deformities which you can shew,
 Though ne're so dismal, yet so black a view
 Have not as this you seek. But here I stay
 Too long ; I to my charge must haste away :
 With leave I therefore go : it is not fit
 Dames with men-slaves long privacies admit.

SEPHYRA.

NO, thou shalt stay : nor think to shrink so hence ;
 Thy oppositions but the more incense
 My raging flames : a suffocated fire,
 When once broke forth, flames with the greater ire.
 But let me know, I earnestly request,
 Whence is it thus thy Soul is pre-possess'd (brought
 With these so ponderous things ? where was't thou
 Or trained up ? none here have so been taught,
 Our Men, thou see'st, are waggishly inclin'd,
 Nor wanton less do I our women find :
 Who knows how things would go, if their desire
 Had all the liberty it would require ?
 Thou onely art exempted ; thou alone
 Art more, relentless then obdurate stone.
 In these affairs than thee none so unmov'd,
 Who love deny'st, though much thou art belov'd.
 Bless me ! what is it thus withholds thy mind,
 And breeds distate in thee to women-kind,
 Nay to all joy ? what want sustain'st thou here,
 That against pleasure makes thee so severe ?
 Behold, my Palace seated for delight,
 Within a Grove, where a smooth brook more bright
 Than shining-Chrystal glydes a thousand ways,
 And in amuling tracts it self displays,
 Frequently washing the beloved sides
 Of her delightful banks with loving Tides ;
 Where waves call waves, and glide along in ranks,
 And prattle to the water-edging banks :
 Unto whose murmuring, yet gentle falls,
 Melodious birds sing solemn *Madrigals* ;

And

And where white Swans do clap their silver wing,
 And on the breast of its *Meanders* swim.
 Nor in my gates doth any grief reside:
 Mirth onely, *Halcyon* pleasures here abide
 In all variety, which recommend
 Enjoyment, and for eminence contend.
 Here on the *Lesbian* Lute, by skilful hand
 Soft strains are struck, which all the Soul command;
 Or the *Chitarh*, or *Thracian* Harp, which break
 Hearts made of Rocks, and then their captives make
 Though of these Symphonies none can expel
 Those rough desires which in thy bosome dwell;
 In melancholly notions whose delight
 Is rather plac'd, which humane souls affright.
 My Tables daily groan, as though each feast
 Would as a foud devour all Fowl and Beast;
 So Princely are they serv'd: There *Bacchus* flows
 In burnish'd Gold, and frolick Cups bestows.
 Nay, of things wild here I have likewise store;
 Of Fowl, of Venson, and the salvage Boar:
 Onely in these I ever am beguil'd
 Of my due share, since *Josepb* is not wild.
 And yet by Feasts, where Tables glutted are,
 Loves practices we find most active there:
 The tox'd with wine, and dainties over-fed,
 With heightned lust go evermore to bed
 Ease genders teeming flesh, nor he soft days
 Who doth enjoy, can chuse but run her ways.
 A belly fill'd with meats of various kind,
 Seeks where an exit the excess may find.
 Methinks that youth, whilst him fair Dames carefs,
 Their love who yet endeavours to suppress,
 Or who in midst of mirth sits sably sad,
 Doth either dream, or else is plainly mad.

Indeed

Indeed thou art a dreamer, and from thee
 What doth proceed, th'effect of fancies be.
 They robb'd thee first (if Fame doth not beguile)
 Of Brethrens love, and wrought thee this exile :
 Nor, if thy dreams thou leav'st not, wilt thou be
 Less hated in this Palace, both by me
 And by my Lord ; by him, through my devise :
 O therefore dream no more, if thou art wise.
 In one hour that, which tenscore years thrice told,
 From shameful view old *Noah* did withhold,
 Wine show'd to transient eyes ; and shall its sprite
 Raise in thy youthful members no delight ?
 Why should not ease as others, work on thee ?
 Canst thou less feeling then all mortals be,
 When tender Love doth her soft charms inject ?
 Wherein hast thou than others more defect ?
 Alas, what is't thus I am forc'd to see
 Two contrarieties made up in thee ?
 My Chamber with all lovely pomp is deck'd,
 Which eyes with wonder and with love affect :
 Egyptian needles there have shewn what skill,
 And patience, and industry can fulfil ;
 So lively, that there seems a doubtful strife
 Betwixt the fenceless shadows and the life.
 My bed then with this *Arras* over-laid,
 Thereon *Egyptian* Amours are displaid
 With skill so tempting, that they charm delight
 In the most cold, and with command invite
 To those so pleasing pleasures, whilst they speak,
 And in fair stories their intentions break.
 All smell of Sovereign balms compounded so,
 That in their mixture they Conceit outgo ;
 More precious than the fragrant breath which moves
 The whispering leaves in the *Panchain* Groves.

The *Arabian* wind, whose breathing gently blows
 Purple to th' Violet, blushes to the Rose,
 Did never yield an odour like to these,
 So greatly which that smelling sense doth please :
 No Myrrhe, no Cassia, nor more choice perfumes
 Of untouch'd Nard, or Aromatick fumes
 Of hot *Arabia* doth enrich the air
 With more delicious sweetness, or more rare.
 O come then, let us in the downy plume
 Tumble with boldness, and in clasps consume
 The hours in feats of love, pledging each other
 In mutual flames, and dastard ponderings smother.
 Nor need we fear an absent Husband now,
 Whom we involv'd in Court-concerns do know,
 So deeply too, that he no thought behind
 Hath left at home of his so cumber'd mind.
 Well, for a close then, get thee without fear
 To th'door of my withdrawing chamber, where
 Thrice softly knock, and then as oft be still ;
 Then knock again, the door shall do thy will.
 Be this thy warning, and forthwith advance
 With undisturbed mind. In dalliance
 We so some hours will spend. Most happy boy,
 Who without sighs so freely mayst enjoy
 That blis for which so many sigh'd in vain,
 Nor any fruit could of their suit obtain.

J O S E P H.

BUt whilst your Chambers glory thus you raise,
 With far-fetch'd words, the subtil Merchants ways
 I find you use, who doth the best expose
 Of his bad wares, nor will their faults disclose.

You

You golden pleasures offer unto me,
 But of a wounded mind can silent be :
 Of momentary joys you glibly tell,
 But leave untouch'd the future woes of Hell.
 Though therefore thus you Chambering dalliance praise,
 Within my breast yet this no lust can raise :
 For sweet though these delights are to your mind,
 Yet I therein much bitterness do find ;
 On which when I reflect, from trembling then
 No stay I have : as with an iron pen
 I find it in my fear-possessed mind
 Deeply engraven. He who is inclin'd
 To acts adulterous with his neighbours wife,
 Sports with his body, Soul, and future life.
 Behold, the evil Conscience, that great Book
 Wherein vile deeds as black as Hell do look ;
 That memorable record, where is writ
 All ill men do, all goodness they omit :
 If such mine be, a tempest in my mind,
 An ever-barking dog I there shall find :
 Nor shall my fears, my sorrows, my affrightings,
 My late-wish'd *bad I wisht*, remorseful bitings,
 From thence proceeding, ever have an end,
 But with those plagues for evermore contend.
 Guilt makes us shake when rustling leaves we hear ;
 When a light breath but moves the grass, we fear :
 Before the naked walls, our looks grow pale ;
 Nor whilst the cause abides, can help avail.
 The Husbands fear both needs must overtake,
 Who vengeance claims for his robb'd honours sake ;
 He will no bribe accept ; no gold will blind
 Or lay the rage of his incensed mind :
 Pale jealousy, with ever-waking eyes,
 Will seek, when once alarmed, to surprize

Both in the filthy act, which when it shall,
 One fate they both shall have, and sink one fall.
 Now think if *Potiphar* should once obtain
 Light of our practices, my God! what pain,
 What whips, or wracks, or cruel deaths should be
 Cruel enough for such a wretch as me?
 No more then words, but deeds would speak his mind;
 Me on the slaughtering bank to flay he'd bind;
 And there begin, where in a fatal time
 Began my so injurious mortal crime:
 He'd spit my Carcase then; that roasted, he
 Would throw to dogs, for them to feed on me.
 Nay, whatsoever plagues might be devis'd,
 Together should on me be exercis'd.
 Nor yet should this at all his rage attone,
 But unto more revenge, he'd seek each bone,
 And them, now bare, together fitly knit,
 As like a chair, where you forlorn shall sit;
 A chair so fram'd, where days with panting breath
 You in the Ribs shall dwell as chain'd in death,
 And where of life though I am dispossest,
 Your guilty Limbs yet in my lap shall rest.
 Shall rest, said I? O no! What thing can give
 Repose to you, who but to grief shall live?
 Shall live! nor can that be; what life is there,
 Where death is found, or ever-dying fear?
 This tender skin which doth my face impale,
 Shall then for yours become a Harlots veil.
 Nay, startle not; for this is but the way
 Whereby your lips you to your Loves may lay.
 This skul shall be your Cup, whence you shall drink,
 Which shall assist you on your joys to think.
 These locks by you so comely deem'd to me,
 Shall your bald Crown invest, and border be.

My skin all day shall hang to intercept
 Your Limbs where you shall prisoner be kept :
 And on the roof men so the same shall hasp,
 As if it would you in its arms inlasp.
 But when the pensive night her wings shall spread,
 And drowziness in eyes of mortals shed ;
 When nothing's heard but now and then the howl
 Of some vile Cur, or whooping of the Owl ;
 And when the horned Moon by her pale light
 The more shall raise the horreur of the night :
 Then this same skin your limbs shall over-spread,
 As burying you alive among the dead.
 And why all this is done when you inquire,
 Remember but the things you now desire ;
 No farther searching you shall need to make,
 But for sufficient answer that may take.



O my good God ! but what should I then do,
 Heaped with plagues more dismal far then you ?

Within

Within whose mind a forer loath should dwell,
 By how much more my guilt should yours excel,
 Imagine I were taken in the fact,
 And forthwith so to deaths dominions packt,
 Hurried away by a superiour hand,
 Think how my case then in Gods sight should stand,
 So as the lofty Tree doth fall, it lyes;
 And so doth earth-born man, when once he dyes:
 So as his dying flesh he puts off here,
 So he before Gods judgment must appear,
 And as he doth unto his grave go down,
 So he shall rise to shame or high renown.
 The day doth come when all the world shall lye
 Frying in flames, and Time it self shall dye;
 When seas with skies, and skies with seas shall joyne,
 And stars with stars confounded, loose their shine:
 When the whole hinge of these inferiour things
 Shall all be broke, and run into their springs; (deep,
 When the dread Trump shall thunder through the
 And wake dead Mortals from their longest sleep;
 And when the dreadful Judge, in middle air,
 Shall summon Souls before him to appear.
 O how wilt thou approach, vile flesh, that eye
 Of God, who like the swine didst live and dye,
 When he shall on his great Tribunal sit,
 And judge the Trespases thou didst commit
 In thy past days of flesh? when thy own breast
 Shall testifie against thee, and infest
 Thy soul with horrid fear, whilst thou dost stand
 A foul Contemner of Gods great Command?
 When all thy works shall be disclos'd to thee,
 How vast, how manifold, how black they be?
 And when thou shalt behold that all is known
 Whatever thou hast evil thought and done?

Wilt thou be then as now, so bold? no, fear
 Will make thy courage quickly disappear:
 Cold sweat, joynts knocking, and stiff bristling hair
 Do plainly shew no courage to be there.
 Fear is the pallie of the mind and soul,
 A Tempest which no cunning can controul;
 No bribes, or blandishments, or Charms, its rage,
 By guilt ingender'd, ever can assuage:
 But after Tryal, then the Sentence flies
 Like thunder, at which voice the sinner dyes
 (Not mortally) so horrible the tone,
Depart thou cursed: whereupon a groan
 (Far dolefuller than those in pangs of death)
 Are fetcht by guilty hearts as in a breath.
 When we depart from life, to death we come;
 And God once gone, then Devils take his room.
 Shut out from Heaven, we must go to Hell,
 There with our sins and their effects to dwell.
 Ay me! who can describe that place of woe?
 But those that feel it, by their feeling do.
 They surely erre, who dream there *Hydra* stands,
 Or *Scylla*, *Briareus* with his hundred hands,
 Or flam'd *Chimera*'s, *Harpies*, full of rape,
 Or snaky *Gorgons*, *Gerions* triple shape,
 Or those three *Furies*, daughters to old Night,
 Implacable, and hating all delight,
 Who whilst before the flaming gates they sit,
 With wrathful Combs their snaky curls unknit;
 Or *Dis* with his fierce *Dæmons*, or the Host
 Of fleshly Ghosts in sensual flames that rost;
 Or other fictions more: but I am sure
 There sorrows dwell which evermore endure:
 And an immortal God shall then lay on
 Plagues which both cannot, and yet must be born.

He'll

He'll plague then like a God, whilst wretched we
 Must bear them (though we can't) eternally.
 O thou Eternity, what great amaze
 Does thy reflection in my inwards raise !
 Thy endless thought creates another Hell
 In midst of it, if not its woes excel.
 But these things in your thoughts are fond, you show,
 And I in your conceit for simple go.
 Well, though I do, yet the divine Behests
 Of God in simple uprightness consists.
 Then as a dreamer you 'gainst me exclaim,
 Although than this I have no greater name :
 Nay, whosoever for this cause may frown,
 Yet on my head I'll bear it as my Crown,
 And for it praise my God ; hereby I see,
 That in my ways his Spirit is with me.
 When Sov'raign sleep descendeth from on high,
 And on their Couch these members stretcht do lye,
 My sprightly Soul, that part of Heavenly fire,
 Nor sleeps nor slumbers, but remains entire
 In action. By strange visions of the night,
 I in my soul perceive the God of light,
 Whose Spirit then, whilst others slumbers bind,
 Graciously communes with my ravish'd mind,
 Plainly fore-shewing to my self what shall,
 And mighty Realms, in future days befall.
 Though from my soil for dreams Hate banish'd me,
 Again by dreams yet I shall raised be ;
 And those this evil who have wrought me, shall
 With suppliant knee unto my mercy fall ;
 That seek with contrite tears, deep groans, and see,
 Their hate then past shall be forgot by me.
 Nor shall I seek revenge, but they shall find
 To them I'll bear a loving brothers mind.

But grant I had power, and should with crafty wile,
 The watchful eyes of Jealousie beguile ;
 Alas, what help yet for me in that hour,
 When guilty thoughts should all my peace devour ?
 Who knows not, though with care by th' vicious sought,
 Yet their own mind to peace cannot be bought ;
 That lowdly vengeance crying, each vile heart
 So Condeinnation must to't self impart.
 You may obscure your deeds in graves below,
 Or in thick darkness them abscond : but know,
 Although the Conscience you may charm asleep,
 That yet you never shall long silent keep.
 O no, your injur'd God, while drowsie night
 Your eye-lids close, your thoughts with shapes shall
 Resembling just your guilt ; and unto day (fright,
 Your works produce, which in oblivion lay.
 That there's a God, nor need you seek to find ;
 Turn but within, and see him in your mind :
 Examine there, and you will quickly know
 That he's above, and in your thoughts below.
 When heat of lust doth in the lustful cease,
 Strait deep remorse becomes their minds disease:
 Pleasures once over-blown, and youth decay'd,
 Regret and Trembling doth the Soul invade.
 Who's pleas'd when he compares his short joys spent,
 With lasting woes, their purchase, which torment
 The Mind and Body with far greater pain,
 Than all those joys before did pleasure gain ?
 For seeds of pleasure, we but ever find,
 Are cowardise and horror in the mind.
 Do, go, enjoy your swing, choose carnal things ;
 These are those soft delights with deadly stings,
 The death of Souls, confusion of all grace,
 The worm that gnaws for never-ending space.

Well then, (O much deceiv'd) if true delight
 You yet desire, then bravely shew despight
 To lust; deny your eyes, superbly spurn
 At Love, which doth in lust forbidden burn.
 Alas! and what's these joys? youth swiftly flies
 To hoary age, and with it Pleasure dies;
 Our day-sun set, and sable night come on,
 Our woes so come, and so our joys are gone.
 Still to do good, and overcome the heart,
 Doth evermore unto the Soul impart
 All comfort, and thence grief compels to flye:
 'Tis the best pleasure, Pleasure to deny.
 O thou transcendent joy, celestial rest,
 How happy are those Souls by thee possesst!
 No joy or pleasure like to that we find,
 Whose fix'd abode is in a righteous mind.

S E P H Y R A.

WELL then, I see that kindness is too weak
 Thy savage temper to subdue or break;
 Which since it cannot my great cause defend,
 That then on other motives I must bend.
 I know that slothful jades refuse to stir,
 Till in their sides they feel the gauling spur.
 If thou art such, (and such thou seem'st to be)
 Expect the fruits then of my hate on thee.
 Once when a woman prostrates her good Name
 Her Honour, Vertue, Chastity, her Fame,
 To him she loves, if her designs she miss,
 As one besides her self stark mad she is;
 Big with revenge, therein impatient grows,
 And frantickly all hindrance overthrows

Crossing her end; no charms may her assuage;
 Even friends she sacrifices to her rage.
 The sweeter wine at first is found to be,
 The tarter, when corrupted, proves, we see.
 Of once denied curtesies we find
 The strongest malice ever left behind,
 And these all menace thee, if to that joy
 I kindly woe thee to, thou wilt be coy :
 Where know, thou shalt no sooner this deny,
 But in extreamest Tortures thou shalt dye.
 Our passions to extremities dilate,
 Flying the mean, we over-love or hate.
 Thou then who art resolv'd no love to show,
 Know, from this hour my hate on thee doth grow
 Fierce and implacable, War I declare,
 And what I can devise, I shall prepare
 To work thy woe ; all mischief then on thee
 That falls, be confident it comes from me.
 In deeds of black revenge we ever see,
 The womans faculties more pregnant be
 Than those of man ; for in profound deceit
 And wise conduct she is the most compleat.
 Well, what invented or perform'd can be
 Of fiercest plagues, shall all be flung on thee,
 Each act of thine, or word thou shalt have said,
 Shall kill thee, such constructions shall be made.
 Nor yet enough, things worse I'll do than these :
 This crime of mine (such are our practices)
 I'll turn on thee, and stily this to be
 A truth affirm, Thou wouldst have ravish'd me.
 This to effect, my thoughts now in me frye :
 No ho'ding helps, all my inventions flye
 Where anger leads : for me there is no cure ;
 Thou must my love obey, or rage endure,

Like

Like a brave Soul, who when in prison pent,
 Then more than ever in desire is bent
 To enjoy lost liberty. 'Tis scarce believ'd
 What by extremities have been achiev'd.
 This dire affair I must and will conclude,
 Though Earth, Sea, Fire, and Air should be renew'd
 In their first *Chaos*: And although thou art
 Ne'r so resolv'd against my raging smart,
 Yet I'll proceed, and imitate the snake,
 Whose head if catcht, a tail-defence doth make.
 So if I find there is no other way,
 Thou thy denial with thy blood shalt pay;
 Hereto I am arriv'd with steadfast mind,
 As links in Chains, so sinful deeds are join'd.
 Who ill contrives, he must proceed therein,
 And for his cloak with nimble skill begin
 His false complaint: they who first audience gain,
 Though criminal, the just mans right obtain.
 He who a villany hath undertook,
 Upon no lyes with tender thoughts must look.
 A face of brass must his defence become,
 Left ignominious shame should prove his doom.
 When potent might is join'd with mortal hate,
 What evil cannot these two powers create?
 Like Thunder-bolts, all letts they overthrow,
 And fear'st thou not what all my power can do?
 Think on thy case; my Husband will believe
 My words, and thee of all thy state bereave:
 Commit thee to a Goal as dark as night,
 Where neither Sun nor horned moon give light:
 There then a cruel hangman shall torment
 Thy flesh, and for thy mind fierce plagues invent:
 A hand shall then (that never knew respect)
 Disrobe thy body, nakedness detect;

And on the painful Wrack thy members bind,
 Them by his art unsufferably wind,
 And sever joynt from joynt, from foot to hand,
 As men before the fire the wax expand:
 By a fierce wretch thy flesh then shall be prickt
 With pointed gads: he shall thy mind afflict,
 That from wil'd rest deprive, and the long night
 Extract so all thy strength and youthful sp'rite.
 Yet more! then water one shall pour in thee,
 Which shall by stumps again expressed be,
 So that all tortures which can be devis'd,
 Together shall on thee be exercis'd.
 In that mean while if one should sadly ask,
 Why thus thou must perform this baleful task,
 Say then the truth: Because a beauty us'd
 Kindness, love offer'd, which yet I refus'd.
 Unheard of folly! who will not deride
 This frenzy: for thereto will be apply'd
 Thy hateful deeds: O, most of all unwise,
 Will all exclaim, who pleasure didst despise!
 Justly doth sorrow now thy life devour,
 Who bliss refus'dst when within thy power.
 Thou'rt doubly plagu'd, whom pleasure did invite
 To ease, yet who in dreams took'st more delight,
 Thy patience thus shall standers by employ,
 Though the sweet sin thou neder didst enjoy.
 All shall thy indécency then excuse;
 And because guiltless with all scorn abuse
 One that's tormented for deserved crimes,
 Thinks for his sins this is of former times,
 And therefore bears his plagues with quiet heart:
 But guiltless to be plagu'd, is a bearless snare.
 Some ease is in midst of all his grief,
 To recollect past joys; 'tis some relief

Pleasures to bring to mind enjoy'd of late ;
But plagues unmerited are plagues too great.

When then long pains shall through thy vitals press,
Then shalt thou yet at last all true confess
Which shall be layd against thee, though ne're done ;
And then is thy good name and glory gone.
What signifies a good report, if we
As criminals shall executed be ?

If with transgressours 'tis our lot to fall ?
For th'end if bad, there's nothing good at all.

Be not beguil'd, the flesh is falsely frail ;
Pain shall with thee (though just) to lye prevail.

How many Innocents when come to dye,
Hath torments pain'd, hath pain constrain'd to lye ?

But go soft-headed, for a beauty chuse
Fantastick dreams, which do thy mind abuse ;

For peaceful ease, swoln grief ; for pleasure, pain ;
Hate, for soft love ; repining loss, for gain ;

Uneasie Prison, flesh-oppressing bands,
For soft embracements in loves clust'ring hands ;

The wracks fierce torments, for my easie bed,
And with all plagues for pleasures to be fed.

Thus weeping choose, instead of to rejoyce.
But ah ! betwixt them there's too great a choyce ;

Far wiser 'tis thy *Sephira* to love ;
Thy youth to cherish is a wit above

The quenching of its heat ; why shouldst thou tame
That in thy breast, which is but natures flame ?

So many men throughout their lives there be,
Who on pitch'd planks do plough the pathless sea,

Hazarding Life and Soul for but small gain,
Whilst thou through love may'st mighty wealth obtain.

Since I my bed present, well may'st thou guesse
Thee I design besides all happines.

Thy

Thy whole desire, that but by signs exprest,
 Shall strait be done unto thy hearts request:
 Preserve this lesson; he who can contrive
 How in our sheets he may to hunt arrive,
 His work is done; thenceforth the gentle prey
 Clings to her Hunter, and doth him obey.
 When once a wife doth strangers beds frequent,
 The spare box-gets a crack, the purse a rent:
 Whose golden bowels then become possess'd
 By him, who hath most value in her breast.
 What shall I adde? she who hath given away
 The key of all her honour, she the way
 Hath to her treasure open laid, besides
 Sharer in bed, in goods the same abides.
 Hast thou not heard, that Riches to obtain
 Through smooth Adultery is so sweet a gain,
 So pleasant a contrivance, lightsome task,
 That youth could never for a choiser ask?
 Well, I have done; onely this more would say,
 As but a means from thee my rage to stay:
 If yet thou wouldst but ease my inward pains;
 For Iron-shackles thou with golden chains
 Shouldst honour'd be, nor evermore molested
 With slavery henceforth; but now invested
 With freedome: nay, forthwith for thee I'd have
 A place at Court, which I would either craye
 Of Potiphar, or of the Prince: all know
 How far with both of them my word can go.
 But if thou seek'st wealth, freedom or renown,
 Grant my request, and they are all thy own.

JOSEPH.

HOW! think you love may be by force upheld?
 O you're deceiv'd, no love will be compell'd,
 It moves of's own accord; ill must they fare,
 Whose minds forc'd wedlock doth together pair.
 To desp'rate shifts though fear a man may move,
 Yet no coercion can be laid on love;
 That free inclin'd, submits to no command,
 Nor doth of fear it self least moved stand.
 If good, your cause you should with grounds uphold
 More strong; but now remember what of old
 Is said: the maid though coy, may yet be won;
 But if the man refuse, the love's undone.
 And sure I am, few ever found success,
 Who love from any sought by force to press.
 Small recreation in their chase they find,
 Unwilling Hounds who force by stripes unkind.
 By various plagues you threaten I shall dye,
 If I your passions to assuage deny.
 With lyes you say you'll over-spread my name,
 And to my Lord detract my spotless fame.
 Yet I'm unmov'd. Ay me! should I respect
 The precepts of proud dust, and so neglect
 The Oracles of God! my giddy head
 And heart from reason then would be mis-led;
 Should I a mortal fear? a wife before
 My God with lowly bended knee adore?
 A woman so unconstant, whose frail time
 Hath oft a period in its youthful prime?
 No, God forbid this folly; let me not
 My self lay on my name a worse blot,

G

By

By foolishly assenting to your crime,
 Than you can do but for a space of time.
 Let come what will ; let sower-ey'd scoffers mock ;
 Let scandalizing tongues disgorge their stock
 Of venomous report ; let cruel man
 My mind and body torture all he can.
 With obloquy, although I should be flung,
 With malice torn, with fiery tongues be stung ;
 Though shame her excrements, and hate her gall
 Should cast, I'd value none of them at all.
 Who marks of truth hath in his Soul disery'd,
 Doth with the Moon the snarls of dogs deride.
 A blameless mind is fearless, and outvies
 The highest rage of hate, or brass-brow'd lyes.
 This makes us fear no pain, which death will ease,
 When rage has done its worst, and us release :
 Nor may the worst of tortures be compar'd
 Unto the future joys for us prepar'd.
 Yea, let your bloody Instruments with strict
 And cruel plagues my tender flesh afflict
 Beyond its strength, this shall be my relief,
 My breast shall cheer me in the midst of grief.
 Though on soft fires I should be laid to burn,
 Or with red Tongs should be asunder torn,
 Or dropt with scalding pitch whilst I am frying,
 Or broken on the painful wheel, or dying
 Through extream tortures long endur'd, yet I
 To God with comfort would advance mine eye.
 He will, I know, the force of these assuage,
 Or strengthen me in their extreamest rage :
 That whilst my hangmen in their malice toyl,
 I in their looks in spite of them shall smile.
 If then 'tis ask'd, why suffers thus this youth ?
 While I can speak I'll answer, Of a truth,

Because

Because he rather chose this dismal end,
 Than in foul pleasures all his days to spend.
 But when my honest deed shall come to light,
 (Nor can truth long lye hid in envious night)
 Then so much earth I would but onely crave,
 Where rest at last my mangled bones might have;
 Next, that this Epitaph might likewise be
 On that black Marble rent, which shadows me.

*Hereunder lyes a slave in dismal grief who fell,
 Because he lov'd his Mistriss and his Lord too well.*

A little beast there is, of snow-white skin,
 Which placed down upon the ground, within
 A ring of muck, from whence it cannot flee,
 Unless its Fur shall all-defiled be,
 There shall it stand, nay death much rather chuse,
 Than the left filth its pureness should abuse.
 O if my Marble likewise this exprest
 In life-like action, 'twere my third request:
 Thus then at least I shall this rest obtain,
 Where such as you no more shall grieve again
 My persecuted Soul, and this same thing
 Among my bones shall make my spirit sing;

*Adieu, vain world, alas, how vain to me!
 That wouldst not yield me one days rest from me.
 My days, though but span-long, yet in them be
 A world of griefs which me did over-flow.
 Now they are done, and with them done my fears
 Of restless evils, with my restless tears.*

When in the world I liv'd with worldly men,
 Their wicked Souls deep stain'd in sinful spot,
 Would either stain me too, or grieve me then,
 Nor might I scape their scourge if so their blot.
 But now I'm there where wicked numbers cease
 From troubling more, and where I rest in peace.

Because affliction sat upon my brow,
 And was my mate, how men did chase my life!
 Nor Goal nor Prison could suffice; for how
 Men most might plague me was their manly strife.
 But now their rage is done, no more I hear
 The fierce Oppressors voice far off or near.

How have I groan'd beneath the toylsome yoke,
 Of sin, and woes, which sinful deeds infold!
 How have I wept my sins which God provoke,
 So weary'd out till all my days were told.
 Now my tir'd bones this grave which doth receive,
 From all those toyls gives me a safe reprieve.

And while I thus rejoyce, here yet will be
 Those that will bless my happy memory;
 In Sacred Hymns compos'd for this sake,
 When in their hearts chaunt melody they make.
 Thus I shall ever live, though dead, when you
 In infamy shall live for ever too.
 Whose memory will but exalt my name,
 And infamy encrease my greater fame.
 From which of your persuasions then should I
 Fear all your deaths, since I can never dye?
 No, since my death will be a gain to me,
 And by your rage, from trouble set me free?

Well, I'm resolv'd, death then I'll rather chuse,
 Than my chaste body with vile lust abuse,
 Think not I shall relent, I'm fix'd herein,
 As much as you are to commit the sin.
 Alas! you're still deceiv'd, not pleasures past,
 Shall the tormented then with ease repast,
 If the effects of sin, 'tis guiltlesness,
 Shall comfort such in their extream distress,
 'Tis known, they who are plagu'd for sin do dwell
 That while, as in the dismal woe of Hell.
 On God 'tis I depend: he'll make me fast
 Of his sweet life in death, Methinks I hast
 Towards him with all joy, (though through the fire
 You threaten) with insatiate desire.
 O therefore think not I for fear of you
 Shall God offend, and lust with you pursue.

SEPHYRA.

Now must I say, (though sorry for thy sake)
 Thou than to bend dost rather choose to break.
 As clear as day I find it now most true,
 What fancy will in sturdy humours do.
 But what's this Spirit, thus that all things weighs,
 That against every pleasure so inveighs?
 Surely a sickness in the crazy mind,
 When that to melancholy is inclin'd.
 The lunatick of Castles in the air
 So dream, and labour with ludicrous care,
 Something, they know not what, to bring to pass.
 So thou but dreamst of things that never was.
 'Tis fumes of brain which in a foggy state
 Of weather cloud it, and do dissipate;

When east-winds purge the air, and skyes do smile,
This to regard I think not worth the while.
Shall I add more?-----

JOSEPH.

N-----No, 'tis enough, forbear ;
Nor may you say, nor may I longer hear
Such Blasphemies. O thou long-suffering grace,
That such reproaches suffer 't to thy face!
You speak but by him, yet that tongue employ
To utter words that would himself destroy!
This Spirit is no dizziness of brain,
But what in flesh and blood no faith can gain.
I do not marvel you cannot conceive
What in your thoughts you never did receive :
The Spiders cob-web can infold no winds,
Nor can the Spirit rest in carnal minds.
Night-Owls and twilight-Bats abhor the light,
And Sol's bright rays but cheer the blest with light,
The Spirit in our Souls from God above
Is given, as an earnest of his love.
This is our comforter, our guide, our light,
Our Sanctuary in this gloomy night
Of grief, of error, darkness, and distress :
By this our wants in prayers we express ;
Without it we're unsafe, nor can we say
What 'tis we want, much less for blessings pray :
Hereby our heart's celestially sublime,
And rais'd, become above the Moon to climb,
Above the stars, even to the sacred breast
Of God, the *Summum bonum* of our rest.
His hereby we are known ; this is his Seal,
Which us his own, and him doth ours reveal.

It

It clears the clouds of ignorance away;
 Us to our selves doth needfully display;
 Begets all graces in us, kindles love
 Within our breasts, which towards God doth move.
 Destroyeth then all wordly love from thence,
 And shields us from its hurtful influence.
 The flowing honey-combs delicious tast
 Is not comparable to the repast.
 This gives the Soul, in which its beams when shot,
 It changes earthly pleasures into nought.

SEPHYRA

NO way, I see, there's for me to prevail;
 This Spirit or I must with might assail;
 For all what I produce, and on thee gain,
 This wind repels, and renders quite in vain.
 I'm bent against this Spirit with fierce hate.
 But come, I'll know more thoroughly its state.
 First, what's the *Flesh*? *Jos.* Our nature since the Fall.
Seph. The *Spirit*? *Jo.* That, which frees us from that thrall.
Seph. Is *Flesh* our nature, which yet you resist?
 Enough, hereon I purpose to insist.
 For once, I'll of our nature take the part.
Jos. That you have long since done, with snaky art.
 What ever you have said, I took the same,
 As from the flesh substantially it came.
 Hence if the flesh its state you would detect,
 On your own language then you must reflect.
Seph. Now, be thou then the Spirit, that defend;
 With thee this case to weigh I condescend.
 What clause makes this, thou say'st, that each with hate,
 Should always with his flesh and blood debate?

Peace is commended by all men, we see ;
 But where there's war, how can there quiet be ?
 Where hate vindictive dwells, dispos'd to fight,
 How can there grow the fruit of loves delight ?
 We are injoy'n'd to love, which grace must flow
 Continually from us ; but do we show
 Any thing of it, when with deadly rage,
 Our flesh and blood to tortures we engage ?
 What contradiction and what madness too,
 Does thy Soul utter and perswade us to !
 We must seek peace, and yet must broyls maintain ;
 Both love our selves, and put our selves to pain ;
 Our happiness design, yet that destroy :
 Such Medlies does thy little Soul employ.
 But in thy judgment none will joyn with thee,
 I think, that are not mad, or changelings be.
 All men commend the tractable, but none
 The sowre, morose, they're hated by each one.
 He prospers in the world who to the times
 Does suit himself, and yields to lesser crimes.
 A creditable name hereby he gains,
 And every where access and love obtains.
 But the precise, how odious are they !
 Such humours best *Fanaticks* does display,

JOSEPH.

OF pious peace indeed, much might be said,
 But shall conspiracy with sin be made
 The peace injoy'n'd ? Can darkness dwell with light ?
 Or peacefully the Heat with Cold unite ?
 The living will not with the dead intwine ;
 Nor love the sound with the diseas'd to joyn.

The spritful stripling will not be content
 The flower of his affections should be spent
 Upon a loathsome Carcass, voyd of Soul,
 Whence crawling vermine in thick knots do rowl;
 And yet who with his vices is at peace,
 Worser enormities commits than these.
 Who will indure him in his house alive,
 That of her honour would his wife deprive?
 None sure will suffer in his tender breast
 Venemous serpents peacefully to rest
 With him, you know, the Law is not content
 To be at peace, whose mind's to Murder bent.
 Chast women should at every season be
 In feuds with Lust, and its temptations free.
 Peace is preserv'd, not broke thereby, whose end
 To lasting rest within the mind doth tend.
 The world the plyant love, say you, but hate
 Those whom you call morose, and does debate
 With them by adverse Fortune evermore,
 Till they by tears their misery deplore.
 But who are here these tractable you mean?
 And who then those morose? the worlds esteem
 Here will not stand, which must once judged be
 By him, who then her Enemies will free
 From their imputed guilt, condemn then those
 Who yielded to the Laws she did impose.
 Perswasions drest in moving eloquence
 For sinful ends, do therefore oft incense
 Chast minds from hearing, and so them engage
 To fly from that which doth their death preface.
 For this give not reproachful names to these;
 'Twill but the more discover your disease,
 More odious far than those vile terms you vent
 Against them, who to you are innocent.

Indeed

Indeed in this respect we should give way,
 When good persuasions move us to obey;
 Here the untractable do merit shame;
 And justice for their punishment does claim.
 If to Gods word you order your requests,
 We are agreed; farewell then our contests:
 But if injustice you require, our peace
 In that would but but misery increase.
 Like the fond Ape, who with a strict embrace,
 From her beloved brat doth life express:
 Or like the fonder Mother, who a knife
 Gives to her babe, with which it ends its life,
 The Gardener prunes his spreading Vine, we know,
 Nor barren branches doth permit to grow;
 This is not strange, for which of us don't see,
 That so the bearing may more fruitful be?
 The festring wound is by the Surgeons cut,
 Unto more strong and painful dolots put;
 And yet it is notorious by this fact
 Proceeding, that a cure is all his aim.
 Sharp corrossive plasters, that are made
 For dangerous sores, pain when thereon they're laid;
 But when they are apply'd upon that part
 That's found, 'tis not at all perceiv'd they smart.
 My words, though harsh, if you can not digest,
 Your self's the cause, y^e suffer with sore plagues possest.
 The Spirits balm, which works in you that pain,
 Had you the will, would yield you greatest gain.

ZE

S E P H Y R A .

How woful is that state which ever toyls
 In midst of fierce contentions, cruel broyls!
 How miserable's he who in his mind
 A mutiny against himself must find!
 Justly this Spirit doth our plaints provoke,
 So insupportable that makes our yokes
 That presseth our assent above the skie,
 Though we are made of earth, and cannot flie.
 The mightiest Realms do certainly decay,
 If in its bowels civil discords sway,
 Cities nor Families can longer stand,
 When deadly fowls within usurp command.
 How should the heart within mans narrow breast
 Find place in such a compass to digest
 All those fierce broyls, upheld with mutual hate,
 Frays, quarrels, fights, which must admit no date?
 For what is man but gliding smoak, a vapour,
 A fleeting shade, a self-consuming Taper,
 An empty air, a wind, a brittle thing,
 And what else frail we can for likeness bring.
 If with this Vessel thou'lt be thus severe,
 Needs must the bands of life asunder tear.
 As like a Mine, press'd with embow'd fire,
 Gives way, unable to contain its ire.
 Wherefore should man, so his endeavours bend
 Against himself, and with himself contend?
 Maintain within his Soul continual wars,
 So being with himself at restless jars?
 Mankind from women did, thou know'st, proceed,
 Whose Mother was obtained with that speed,

When

When wooing words and fruit did her allure,
 Against that force unable to endure,
 Nor more than she can we, her issue, chuse
 To fall at words, such charms do they infuse:
 What comes from Cats, is prone to flesh of Mice.
 Our selves both love we cannot and despise,
 Or our desires. Who can his natures frame
 Forsake, or cross the dictates of the same?
 We're of frail crudities, in lust begun,
 Crudled as Cream, as Cheese together run,
 Born in the Womb, fed with the breasts white flood,
 Rockt with soft songs; in short, we're flesh and blood.
 How will this nothing his desires assail,
 Or with success against himself prevail,
 Whose cruel victory does but portend
 His miserable ruine in the end?

J O S E P H.

Though you disguise your lust in reasons dress,
 Against my dislike yet I'll express;
 Though against me your utmost you engage,
 Yet I'll oppose but with a juster rage.
 Blest he, who in this quarrel doth persist,
 With sin its cursed dictates to resist;
 Happy that mind which evermore doth fight
 With its own lusts, and contradicts their might.
 There is a blest contest, a holy war,
 An upright enmity, a gainful jar,
 Again, there is, a peace, a rest, a joy,
 Which doth our Souls of all its peace destroy.
 'Tis not our loss that lusts a war maintain
 Within our Souls, and put our flesh to pain:

Our

Our sins to see doth not proceed from sin,
 To feel sins evil doth from good begin. (Soul,
 Though this seems strange, and wounds you to the
 Yet it is true, our lusts we must controul.
 That evil which our certain death will prove,
 We by its death should surely first remove.
 Our most beloved lusts, our dearest pleasures,
 Our carnal comforts, all our earthly Treasures,
 We in our hearts must not endure to dwell,
 Or else their fierce allurements there repel.
 The most occult recesses of our mind,
 That whereunto our nature is inclin'd,
 Our frame, our constitution, we in chains
 Must bind, as Rebels, and afflict with pains.
 For by the Fall so hapless man declin'd,
 That all was spoylet within his heedless mind:
 And since so totally did sin deprave
 His Off-spring, that 'tis onely sin they crave.
 Would it were with me as I'd wish to be,
 Both from this world, and from my self I'd flee;
 Such treacherous Companions do I find
 Remaining in my bones, and in my mind.
 Why hug we thus this world and worldly things,
 Which no content, but sour vexation brings!
 How is it that our Heaven-born Souls so prone
 Are unto Earth, and not to God alone!
 They that for Heaven intend, of Heaven must speak,
 Heaven-wards must look, and through Heavens gates
 And they by constant labour must outdo (must break)
 The restless malice of the Tempter too.
 But why thus heap I words, where words are vain?
 Briefly, Heavens road not easie is, or plain.
 A thorny way, and through a thorny gate
 It is that leads unto that blisful state.

Our

Our hearts, I know, are full of crook'd desires,
 In our best duties much of sinfulpires;
 Yet comfort we unspeakable may find,
 That are his Children, for our troubled mind.
 'Tis beyond doubt the blessed Prince of peace
 Shall come, and make our expectations cease;
 His day I saw already in my mind,
 And press'd his lips with salutation kind.
 Long since I have beheld, as from afar,
 A strange far-blazing glory, a bright star,
 Boding great light, prepar'd for Zeb'luns day,
 To visit those who in deep darkness lay.
 Behold the wonder which on earth is done,
 A Maid conceives, and doth bring forth a Son;
 A Child, a wondrous Child, Heav'n us doth grant;
 Emanuel call'd, Prince o'th' new-Covenant.
 He was a man of grief, by's own neglected;
 Despis'd, abus'd, defamed, mockt, rejected.
 Patiently he upon his own self brought
 Our shame, for sins which we had onely wrought.
 His Soul God fill'd with plagues, his Limbs were rent
 With wounds, he by himself our punishment
 Sustain'd, and we are by his stripes, his pain,
 To God aton'd, and wholly heal'd again.
 In unknown paths we wander'd from our way,
 As scatter'd sheep without their shepherd fray,
 But by the blessing of his Spirits guide,
 Thenceforth a better way he doth provide.
 As like a Lamb he's to the slaughter brought,
 There as dumb sheep, when by the shearers caught;
 He opens not his mouth, himself prepares
 For greatest plagues, and all with patience bears.
 For our cause he to our Tribunal went,
 There sentence took, and thence to death was sent;
 Whom

Whom when they first with bitter scoffs revild,
 They from the living to the dead exil'd,
 But when his blood he shall for offering give,
 His seed shall rise, and through him ever live:
 For by his sufferings as our debt he paid;
 So shall the Fathers wrath then quite be laid.
 Well, cheer up then, my Soul, nor now give way
 To thy corruptions, or their laws obey.
 Though thou by nature wast in lust conceiv'd,
 Yet from this Fall thou art by grace up heav'd,
 God gives his Spirit which with might assails
 Our lusts, and with sure victory prevails,
 Which sanctifies the feeble Soul withal,
 That else would down to each temptation fall.

SETHYRA.

NOW I shall loose my wits. Preposterous fool,
 Am I no neerer, all this while, my goal!
 Still so unmov'd! no Songs but of constraint!
 Come, 'tis enough, this is the old complaint,
 Base is that mind that quiet peace disturbs,
 To freedom that prefers enslaving curbs.
 Withhold, thou cry'st, afflict, deny, restrain,
 Force, over-rule, suppress, torment with pain,
 Banish, nay kill out-right. Great Nile, what's here!
 Unheard-of Prodigies by humane ear!
 Ah slave, how well the ornament of chains
 Befits thee, who delight'st in slavish pains!
 But thou'dst enslave us too through sly advise;
 Fool, didst thou then believe us so unwise?
 My blood now rises into scornful spite,
 To see thee in such follies take delight.

At once thou subject of all scorn and hate,
 Methinks I in thy looks now read thy fate.
 Fantaſtick ſop, that tak'st delight in woe,
 Beſotted friend of Tears, ſoft pleaſures foe,
 Rebellious-minded ſoul, at reſt in jars;
 In peace as reſtleſs, friend to cruel wars.
 Thou perfect Bugbear to refining love,
 Who ominous againſt thy ſelf doſt prove
 Mankinds miſfortune, in a hapleſs time
 Who ſure waſt born, and in a fatal clime.
 Thou neither muſt nor wilt, reſolv'd thou art
 But unto what, thy riddle pray impart?
 Forſooth, a ſtrange conceit within thy mind
 There is of lagging miſeries behind.
 Didſt ever feel them, fool? who told thee ſo?
 O grave *Tradition*, whether true or no.
 But thou ſhalt feel them now; thy ſelf then tell,
 If greater this, or thy conceited Hell.
 I'll now conclude, nor think that I'll regard
 Compaſſion more; let death be thy reward,
 Or happy life, as thou ſhalt yield, or chuſe;
 Yield to my paſſions, or that love reſuſe.
 Fool, thou'rt too frail thy paſſions to deſe
 To a fierce conflict, or thy fleſh deny.
 Who with too rigid force his youth conſtrains,
 Provokes his mind to break with-holding reins.
Jos. Since now you have been pleas'd with ſnaky guile,
 As for the fleſh to argue ſtiff ſome while,
 I pray permit me then accordingly,
 That for the Spirit I may make reply.
Seph. No, *Joseph*, time will thus be ſpent in vain,
 What I have ſaid, I now repeat again;
 To my request if thou no ear wilt give,
 Thou ſhalt repent that thou on earth didſt live.

Ob-

Observe it well. Yet how can I believe
 That *Joseph* should himself of Bliss bereave?
 Sure if I'm right, more wit doth in him dwell,
 And he'll be wise when he considers well.
 Thus by these things thou mayst behold my heart,
 How thou most truly there beloved art.
 Accept my caution, *Joseph*, have a care;
 Embrace thy fortune, and of woe beware.
 That which by th'chiefest Nobles of the Land
 Hath been pursu'd, now thou hast in thy hand;
 What erewhiles *Poriphar* with doubtful fears,
 With dangers long, with pains, with Lovers tears,
 Obtained at length, and that by wondrous hap,
 That of itself now tumbles in thy lap,
 Sues for thy favour, prest with restless fires,
 Sports with thy Net, and to be caught desires,
 Hangs on thy Neck, to thee flings up that dore
 Through which our youth have sought to go before;
 That craves thy aid, towards thee so that wings,
 Offers itself, about thee gently clings,
 Not to become thy Wife, but Love; invites
 Not unto Wedlocks yoke, but Inns delights,
 Needs must thou be a stock devoyd of pleasure,
 Empty of every amiable treasure,
 Nay humane sense; and sure, if so, must then
 Deserve exile from reasonable men.
 If thy own happiness thou wilt forsake,
 Nor wilt of these my choice delights partake,
 Needs must thou be some stone, some sapless leaf,
 Froward as seas, or than their banks more deaf,
 Than Tops more whimsical, than hoary Ice
 More nipping cold, and more than fools unwise.
 But no, it cannot be, I shall prevail,
 Nor longer thus my grief in vain bewail.

H

Whom

Whom do not courteous smiles move inwardly ?
 What heart can stand before a woeing eye ?
 What inclination is so strangely nice,
 Whom ruby lips should not to kiss entice ?
 With whom don't mirth prevail smooth-fac'd delight ?
 Whom tempt not dainties blest'd with appetite ?
 Who if to him I say, Thee 'tis I chuse,
 So kind a Love yet basely can refuse ?
 Who can those arms, wherein he's straitly clasp'd,
 (Aslike the Oak with clustering joy grasp'd)
 Break loose with unkind force ? Who can refuse
 A beauteous Female for his Love that sues ?
 Well I have done, what's said shall now suffice ;
 And sure enough is said to make thee wise.
 Lo, for a while thy sight I will suspend,
 But instantly to come again intend.
 Be no more fond ; thy self that while advise
 To take good warning, to beware, be wise.
 I leave thee thy own judge, thou from thy choice
 Thy self may'st sentence with unerring voice. *Exit.*

JOSEPH alone.

Dear Soul, awaken, thou't become the game ;
 Against thy life is now this womans aim,
 Swell'd with revenge. By her fierce looks appear,
 And wild behaviour, what thou hast to fear.
 She now her utmost valency assays,
 To fright thee from all chaste and pious ways ;
 To cool thy zeal, for which she doth produce
 What to her Cause may seeming strength infuse.
 Thee sometimes fain she would with lust possess ;
 Deny'd, her note then doth in threatnings dress.

One while with flattery stroaks, then with constraint
 Cruelly chafes : alas, who can but faint
 In such uncertain conflicts, and so strong,
 Where from our self proceeds our greatest wrong !
 With what a shew of reason does she dress
 Her lustful Cause ! nor equitable less
 Does she in her unjustest force appear,
 If we observe her with a carnal ear.
 Alas, how Piety is still oppress'd,
 And innocency of right dispossest !
 The way we walk most slippery is found,
 Where a small trip deprones us on the ground.
 How am I baffled with uncertain things ?
 My heart, if cross, sinks low ; if prosperous, wings
 Above aspiring *Herman*, more indeed
 That bears than can from humane strength proceed.
 This lustful *Eve* to me her fruit commends,
 And with fair signs my observation bends
 To guess the taste, whilst I its beauty view,
 But 'tis sure death if I her end pursue :
 And yet my flesh this danger will not see,
 Though in the taste I know a death to be.
 Our Father *Adam* so his wife believ'd
 Before his God, and his dear Soul bereav'd
 Of all its bliss. Ah ! by his strength if he
 Though perfect could not stand, how then shall we
 The Off-spring of his Fall, in wavering ways
 That are but constant, tols'd in evil days ?
 The world's a Sea, our strong Desires the Winds,
 The Ship our Flesh, the swelling sails our minds.
 So left, we drive ; and when in straits we fall,
 Scarce do we then find Ankors help at all :
 When mighty waves advance, then fail our minds ;
 And yet behold more tempests, fiercer winds.

We whilst we rest pursue, but toyl acquire ;
 And what should quench our griefs, but feeds their fire,
 When my fierce thirst to cool I do intend,
 Enraged fires then lo my inwards rend.
 My carnal gust in that great sweet doth find,
 Which yet as Wormwood tastes unto my mind.
 The vulgar tale if true, my case then seems
 Like theirs on bed big with nocturnal dreams,
 Who are with Night-mares, as with charms oppress,
 And then it seems a Rock is on their breast :
 In which sad case, their spirits a cold sweat
 Possess, who labour from this load to get ;
 They cry unheard, nor stir, for fear yet shake,
 Till they again become as when awake.
 Or I am like one who through surges breaks,
 And him t'a ship in lifes distress betakes,
 Where whilst for help his hands upheaved be,
 Lo, by the Current he's compell'd to sea.
 Yet now methinks I'm like *Rebecca* more,
 When she fierce *Esau* and my Father bore,
 Where by two different natures of this pair,
 She was of tumults in her womb aware.
 Ay me, what strong commotions, what a fray
 Afflicts my mind ! I feel the thing I say.
 But what's more strange ? of one behold now two,
 Mortally bent each other to subdue :
 This is the fruit of Soul-beguiling sin.
 I fear not forrain, but strong powers within ;
 My bosome breeds the jar, the field's my heart,
 Where two in battle each the other thwart.
 To hate sins ways, the Law instructs my mind,
 Yet in my members sin possess I find.
 I in the spirit upright paths would tread,
 But by the flesh in ways perverse am led.

I am in health, and sick, safe and forlorn ;
 I live and dye, am buried and new-born ;
 My zeal is hot, sometimes than frost more cold ;
 Now I'm afraid, and then again as bold.
 I burn and freeze, am blith and sad of mind ;
 I stand, and down I fall ; I loose and find.
 Provok'd by youth, that which fond youth doth please
 I love, yet contrite tears produce my ease.
 What man yet ever of such wonders read ?
 My health is by perpetual sickness bred.
 I'm chas'd though I pursue, scourg'd though I strike ;
 Even my own affections I dislike.
 I'm my own slave, yet my own self I fear.
 What works my grief, comforts I count most dear ;
 By these mixt thoughts I'm driven to and fro ;
 Sometimes I'm tost on high, then plung'd as low.
 Alternately thus they disturb my rest,
 Whilst one commends what t'other did detest.
 Alas, what benefits a bolted dore,
 Since that's within which is my greatest sore ?
 Whilst above earth sometimes I mount on wing,
 My gross desires me down amain do bring.
 Now I'm refresh'd, then with my tears agreed.
 Now retrograde I fly, then on proceed.
 Now joys I feel, then grief my joys offend.
 Now towards Heaven, then towards Hell I bend.
 Now I'm a Prince, then nothing straight at all.
 Now strong I stand, then beneath thoughts I fall.
 Now am I yea, then no ; a storm, then still ;
 Now ebb, then flood ; nor know I mine own will.
 Ah where's my help ? my breatt cannot contain
 These differing powers ; where shall my Soul remain,
 Lust to escape ? what by the Eye's espy'd,
 And crav'd by th'flesh, by Reason is deny'd.

How strange a thing art I? what can express
 My composition in an Embleme dress?
 Half I am **Beast**, half **Man**; half **black**, half **white**;
 Deform'd and **condemnd**; and half **wrong**, half **right**.
 What dost thou do, my **Soul**, with suppliant knees
 Go seek thy **God**, in this thy **strait** go see
 To him for help, thou know'st him great and strong,
 And so for those that unto him belong.
 He is the Lord of **Battle**, and will be
 Thy **Conquest**; make thou him thy **victory**.
 He'll make thee strong and hardy, and will send
 Thee safety, and thy life from hurt defend.
 Onely for this thou must approach his **Throne**
 Of mercy, and to him address thy **moan**.
 No sin so press us yet with cruel might,
 Which prayer did not compel to shameful flight.
 Prayer is our **Harnesse**, which our minds doth shield,
 That else to Satans fiery darts would yeild.
 Then I begin: Great God, my **Strength**, my **Aid**,
 Grant I may stand this conflict undismay'd;
 Give me the **Conquest**, let successful speed
 Crown my weak brows, thou **Saviour** in our need.
 O let not lustful flames, desires unchast,
 Whereby so oft thy stamp's in us defac'd,
 Prevail a jot, but, Father, help thou me,
 A **Conscience** pure to offer unto thee.
 In myry Pits, behold, confounded I
 Am come, where almost overwhelm'd I lye;
 Where, Lord, I find no standing for my feet,
 Thou must send help, or I my ruine meet.
 Alas, how frail is man, whose holiest works
 Are but vile rags, where ugly evil lurks?
 His highest Sanctity's a withered leaf,
 And even vile beyond his own belief.

His mind & whole frame through his whole course of life,
 With evil times as with the stream dorth drive
 In this worlds sea, with various blasts there tost,
 And here, Lord, if thou help'st not, he is lost.
 My feet in slippery places now abide,
 With my own lusts I'm storm'd on every side;
 All bands they break, they to rebellion run,
 Lord, thy restraining grace, or I'm undone.
 And thy directing Spirit give thou me,
 Ease thou my groans, support my feeble knee;
 Defend thy child that trusts in thee from shame,
 Salvation give, and glorifie thy Name.
 Distil thy Doctrine like a gentle showr
 Into my narrow breast, there comforts power.
 Drench with thy living streams my thirsting mind,
 And of thy right-hand-pleasures let me find
 That measure in my Soul, that may exile
 Thence sinful joys, as savourless and vile.
 In times of old thy goodness thou hast shown
 To me, whom thou adoptest for thine own;
 O then thine own defend, teach me to fight
 Against my passions, which in sin delight.
 These are but strangers in my soul, and she
 That takes their part, a stranger unto thee.
 On me O let them not gain any ground,
 But their attempt do thou with shame confound.
 I beg no worldly Power, nor Wealth do crave,
 Or Regent Thrones, nor Monuments would have
 Rais'd to my Name; nor pray I for great state,
 Which Fame or humane glory might create.
 This onely thing I wish I might obtain,
 That of my heart a conquest I might gain
 At this sad hour. If I'm but safe within,
 All outward force shall never make me sin.

Then cheer thee, Soul, God bows to thy complaint
 A willing ear, I feel his loves constraint
 Rejoycing me : In tears, methinks, my song
 I now can make ; at weakest I am strong.
 O my dear Soul, the riches of that grace
 Observe, which fills thy heart : thy Saviours face
 Go meet, behold thy God doth now begin
 To knock at thy hearts door, haste, let him in.
 What means proud lust to tempt my pure desire ?
 I in my Soul possess a better fire,
 A holier Spirit, a more cogent power,
 Which liberally God in my breast doth shower,
 The new tunn'd Must, before it vent obtains,
 Strong groans ejects, as if oppress'd with pains
 In the strait Vessel, wherein bridled long,
 The bands at last it bursts, and then too strong,
 The staves asunder rends, thence with uproar,
 As with light feathers, in free air doth soar.
 Thus with mans mind it is, now prone it lyes
 Dishearten'd, then encouraged doth rise,
 So exercis'd, until the field it gains,
 And by Gods hand firm victory obtains,
 Until immortal powers it can withstand,
 And as it's self, so all the world command.
 Well, what remains ? Shall this perswade my mind,
 Because my Lady is to me inclin'd ?
 Shall her mad love enflame me with delight ?
 Or not much rather from such love affright ?
 For, how detestable it is when wives
 Do sell themselves to lead lascivious lives ?
 When with unbridled lust the upright mind,
 Themselves they tempt to deeds of brutish kind ?
 Those Monsters with their eloquence impure,
 Prompted by lust, even men themselves allure ;

Assault the chaste, and that from them request,
 Which (though desir'd) should never be express.
 Ay me; how have these things afflicted me!
 From this vile woman I could ne'r be free:
 For when my Lord still absent was from home,
 I could not go where she'd not likewise come.
 Where then in lustful Rhetorick she dresses
 Her lawless love, or that by signs expresses,
 Such as her eyes can yield, or breasts expos'd,
 When to Adultery she is most dispos'd.
 O with what art she sounds my tender mind,
 Whether or no it be as hers inclin'd!
 Sometimes my hand she kisses, then she woes
 With fervent looks, nor know I what she does.
 But who can love, nay, who will not detest
 That suit first vile, and then by them express
 Who should be woe'd, and in whose breasts should dwell,
 That modest grace which doth in them excel.
 'Tis monstrous if it does not, since we see
 Of this by nature they possessors be;
 And since a want hereof doth in the vile
 Constrain their love affrighted to recoil.
 The most lascivious of their lust yet gain
 Do make, and gold and lordly gifts obtain;
 But me this woman gives no rest at all,
 Her body prostitutes, and gifts withal.
 The profligatest wretch with lustful fires
 Although he burns in his deprav'd desires,
 Will yet pull in his flames at such a time
 When lustful wives do court him to that crime.
 Ah in my breast sha'nt I then horror feel,
 With her, who her Lords bed defiles, to deal?
 To have to do with her, who would constrain
 Me to submission to her lustful pain?

Sure modesty is womens chiefeſt grace,
 A lowly eye, an humble baſhful face,
 Even then that bluſhes with a conſcious red,
 When, though of Marriage, ought to her is ſaid,
 Nor do I think is any man more vile
 Than he who doth the Nuptial bed deſile.
 So he his Neighbours Heritage deceives,
 And ſtones unknown upon his building heaves,
 O thou luxurious fleſh, ſhall now thy flame,
 Deprive my Soul of its moſt peaceful frame,
 Of all its preſent eaſe, and ſacred reſt?
 O no, thy valency, lo, is ſuppreſt,
 Thy fire extinguiſh'd, thy chains ſhook off, and broke,
 Thy embers are now aſhes, flames but ſmoak,
 Thy itch is cool'd, nor haſt thou power more;
 I'm now another creature than before.
 O hater of Heavens reſt, the Souls diſeaſe,
 Friend to luxurious pleaſures, to baſe eaſe,
 To gormandizing luſt, to deeds of night,
 To all exceſs of ſenſual delight,
 On me why fly'ſt thou with thy big diſcourſe
 I am above thy menaces or force;
 In ſpight of thee henceforward thou ſhalt ſtand
 Devoted unto my more ſtrong command.
 For vain ſhall be thy charms, and vain thy force;
 Chufe either, thou in both ſhalt have the worſe,
 To God I have my Soul in prayer deſolv'd,
 Since which I find my mind far more reſolv'd
 In holy ways; and now a covenant
 I with my ſelf have made, no more to grant
 The leaſt compliaunce unto leprous ſin,
 However formidably ſhe ſteps in.
 Firſt with my eyes this bargain I have made,
 That my heart by them ſhould not be betray'd,

Nor

Nor that they should a fatal glance convey
 Upon a woman in a lustful way.
 My curious ear I have severely charg'd,
 No more attentively to be enlarg'd
 To soul-invading words; and to my hands,
 To keep from violence I have heap'd commands.
 Then in my Soul this charge I have infus'd,
 Never by any means to be seduc'd.
 To lust in my desires bounds I have set,
 Lest they should fall within this womans net.
 My rolling tongue I've threatned to take heed,
 That from it no licentious words proceed.
 And lastly, I a watch have set to keep
 My thoughts both waking and in dreams asleep.
 Well, now my Armour's on, wherewith I know
 All opposition I shall overthrow.
 My Helm is Gods *Salvation*, *Faith* my shield,
 My Sword's his *Word*; and thus I take the field.
 Though now my Lady come, arm'd i'th' defence
 Of more encroaching or smooth Eloquence
 Than the most oylie tongues of Whores yet knew,
 My yielding yet should not for this ensue.
 Although she now were here, and so to try
 My mind, or cloak her crime, should raise a cry,
 I would despise as well her love, as spight,
 And stand unmov'd, or take a speedy flight.
 Although her curious limbs she now should show,
 Fair as the morning, white as new-faln snow;
 Her Ivory breasts though she should open lay,
 And all her nakedness to me display;
 Though richest presents she should offer me,
 Wherewith the covetous beguiled be;
 I'd all alike despise, and be aware
 From falling by them in her fatal snare.

If at my feet she fell, I would not fear,
 But soon if I could not step over her,
 I'd trample on her body, then with flight
 Make my escape, and get me out of sight.
 Or with her arm if she to force me stand,
 Should hold my cloak, I'd leave it in her hand,
 Then if she should eject a clam'rous cry,
 If needs I must, then out of dores I'd fly.

SEPHYRA.

LO here I come again, now I shall see
 Whether thou art of men or beasts that be
 Sprung from obdurate rocks; now know shall I
 Whether or no thou from thy blis wilt fly.
 Come then celestial Soul, beauties renown,
 My hearts desire, my joy, my glories crown,
 My whole repose, my comfort, onely rest,
 My love and pleasure wherein I am blest.
 Wisdom's residence, where best things resort,
 Breath of my sighs, and my lifes chief support,
 My flame's original, my bosomes key,
 Long who art woe'd, yet cannt entreated be :
 I warn thee by the favours thou didst find,
 From me, by my strong fires, by thy great mind,
 Yet humble soul, by my tormenting smart,
 By thy soft nature, by my wounded heart,
 By thy large gifts, by a distressed's prayer,
 By my desires, by thy surprising air,
 By my affliction, thy professed truth,
 Vouchsafe compassion on my tender youth ;
 Pity these cheeks from whence their blush is fled,
 On which a flowing stream of tears are shed,

And

And this sad mind repleat with heavy cheer,
 That bears thee onely love and awful fear.
 Pity, I pray thee, my blood-drinking groans,
 My low estate, my heart-consuming moans,
 And some refreshment to a Lover give,
 Without thy favour that no hour can live.
 Help my distress, I can no longer be
 Delay'd ; my grave extends its jaws for me,
 My feet draw near to death : at last relent,
 Set free my captive Soul with sorrow spent.
 Thou seest my woe from my quick-rising tears,
 From blubber'd cheeks, from looks all pale with fears.
 And thou may'st see my wounded heart now pant ;
 But can'st thou see these, yet no pity grant ?
 O Boy, can'st thou despise the conqu'ring charms
 Of my fair body, of my naked arms ?
 Can'st thou refuse to mitigate my pain ?
 But woe is me, my sighs are all in vain.
 I see I cannot thy fierce temper please.
 As like a rock amidst enraged Seas,
 Unmov'd thou art. O unrelenting stone,
 I'm whether mild or fierce, to thee all one.
 But if't be so, I by *Osiris* swear,
 By the great *Cat* whom we a God revere,
 Nay by the *Goat*, the awful *Crocodile*,
 And by the seven streams of sacred *Nile* ;
 By *Iris*, *Seraphis*, and what else more
 In *Egypt* we as powerful Gods adore ;
 I swear by my own Soul, by *Egypt's* Head,
 Or thou art this day mine, or with the dead.
 Upon this day depends our end of strife,
 Or of my lust, or thy beloved life :
 Howe're with me it goes, or I must flow
 This day in pleasures, or in torturing woe.

Observe my words, without all doubt on thee
 I'll be reveng'd, or fraud shall lack in me.
 But wherefore rave I? *Joseph* can't deny,
 No, 'tis my pulse he onely first would try.
 He till the last contains his young desire.
 Wood that's yet green, will not at first take fire;
 But when that wood doth once receive the flame,
 No piece so burneth with that solid flame.
 Well, is it this, my dear, thou dost contrive?
 Must first my passions to excess arrive?
 O dally then no more; that minute's come,
 Which will denounce, before it ends, my doom.
 Thou therefore the necessity behold,
 Which in it so much danger doth unfold.
 This is the utmost push, the last assay,
 Which must conclude this so important day.
 Although a Monster sprung from woods you were,
 Fed with the Milk of Lyons or Bear;
 Although a Snake from craggy cliffs you came,
 Yet sure my sighs would thy fierce nature tame.
 Then come, nor more my tender touch deny.
Jos. Hold, think it not. *Seph.* You must. *Jos.* I'll rather dye.
Sep. Now *Joseph.* *Jo.* Be asham'd. *Sep.* Ah might I! *Jo.* Still
Seph. Prithce embrace me, Boy. *Jos.* Who I? I will---
Seph. And yet thou shalt not go. *Jos.* How then, I pray?
Seph. Here thou shalt tarry, I have more to say.
Jos. No Madam, 'tis enough, and all in vain.
Seph. But friend, I hold thee, I'll thy flight restrain. go.
Jos. De'e sport? *Seph.* Come here. *Jos.* My mantle tears, let
Seph. Come here, I say. *Jos.* No. *Seph.* But I'll make thee
 Thou shalt, and love me too, ere I have done. (know
Jos. Since it must be, then take my cloak; I'm gone
 To make my best escape. *Seph.* This thou shalt rue.
Jos. *Zepho, Thinna, Gos,* all, all pursue

The wretch, 'tis highest time ; my name's the aim,
I here endure unsufferable shame.

Jos. Good God, what impudence ! how will this end ?

Seph. Hasten, hasten, your Lady from a Rape defend ;

A trait'rous villain, brought from *Hebrons* soyl,

Upon me runs, my body to defile.

His violence ah quickly, quickly tame ;

The slave is full of lust, and void of shame.

J O S E P H.

ME, what anointed fraud ! Hark, hark, I hear
Pursuing feet through all the house that bear
Sure death. Ah woe is me, what purlue cries.

Now shall this woman cloak her guile with lyes,

And make a sad complaint, me to accuse

Of that which she against my self did use.

The Cloak I left her, when from her I brake,

Shall for her fraud no small advantage make.

My God, what help ? what safety then have I ?

Alas ! I know not which way I shall fly.

The changes of these lower things, behold,

They but what's smoak and empty wind infold,

As like a Bubble now appearing fair,

Which in a trice dissolves in humid air.

Earths greatest dignities and chiefest good

Are like the flowing and the ebbing flood.

In splendid honour I this day did swell,

And now from thence am hurl'd as low as Hell.

Though guiltless now a shameful fall I bear,

Uncertain what must be my future share.

Ah me, on what, on what shall I resolve ?

How in my breast shall I my case revolve ?

Shall

Shall I with base subjection, like a slave,
 Her guilt my guilt confess, and pardon crave?
 Sure no, If I till now have lust deny'd,
 In that good mind I'll to the end abide.
 How then? shall I unto the Court repair,
 And there unto my Lord the truth declare?
 O no, that house with happy peace that's blest,
 May not be griev'd for my desired rest.
 Well, but what then? Shall I my self betake
 Within, and there to each relation make
 Of all that's pass'd? Nor that, 'tis not done well,
 The crimes of Ladies to their slaves to tell.
 What then? shall I the Countrey fly with speed?
 As guilty, fly? that were a shameful deed.
 'Tis better patiently the worst to bear;
 For flyers ever guilty we declare.
 Besides, when slaves presume to run away,
 For that they with their backs or necks must pay.
 What then shall I conclude? high time 'tis now:
 Resolve then this, my Soul, not hence to go.
 Then be it so; I'll wait here what may be
 By Gods Decree selected out for me.
 To him I pray'd, through him my fight renew'd;
 With him stood firm, and by him lust subdu'd.
 From him the rest I'll wait, and laugh at shame.
 What should he fear, that trusts upon his Name?
 Now I return to give due thanks to thee,
 Great God, that from my self hast rescu'd me.
 Although vain beauty did assault my eyes,
 Thou helpedst me its witchcraft to despise.
 My feet from shameful fall preserv'd thou hast;
 My Soul from ruine when with lust oppress.
 Be thine the praise; I'll in thy Name delight,
 So well who hast instructed me to fight

In thy dear cause. Towards thee I aspire
 With longing Soul, thou end of my desire.
 Henceforward my endeavours I will bend
 In thy unspotted ways my days to spend.
 Then shall my ways be in thy eyes upright,
 When thou shalt aid me by thy Spirits might.

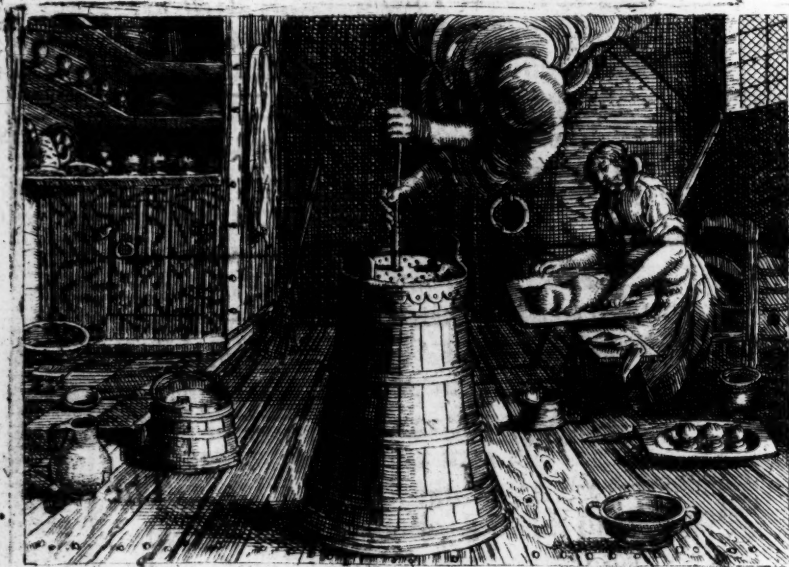
I

The

The Concluding

DAYRY-EMBLEM,

Discovering the Mystery and Nature
of this Religious Self-Conflict.



THis Churn behold without and inwardly,
As with thy bodies, so the Spirits eye;
And thus whilst thou reflectest on this thing,
Instructing matter it to thee shall bring.
Without 'tis still, within is uproar loud,
Like hollow drums, exciting battle proud,
When now two Armies in a Champain large,
Each others force prepared stand to charge.

The tumults cause is from two differing things,
 Each other charging with enforced things,
 Within the Vessel. The insipid stream
 Flows in the fat amongst the thicker Cream.
 Hence the fray rises, where these each would smother;
 Now one gets uppermost, and then the other.
 The Cream's now under, then the tasteless Whay,
 Holding in doubt whose the victorious day
 At length shall be, till after tedious fight,
 The well-wrought Cream doth by degrees unite,
 And now of hue become like tryed gold,
 As in prevailing hands the Palm doth hold.
 But though it floats above, it must abide
 The dabbings of the Whay on every side,
 Until a higher hand doth down convey
 That wherewithal it bears it thence away.
 Then in pure water thoroughly cleanseth it,
 Preserves with salt, and into vessels fit
 Includes, and lastly crowns: Where this regard,
 Who overcomes so shall obtain reward.
 He who this discord 'twixt the Cream and Whay,
 With profit now desires to overlay,
 By an approved Limbeck let him bring
 A noble matter from this trifling thing.
 The Vessel here is *Man*, therein the Broyl
 Presents the *War* 'twixt thoughts both good and vile.
 The Cream's the *Spirit*; Whay doth *Earth* intend:
 With restless spite each other these offend.
 Awake, dull Saint, learn what's within thy heart:
 The Spirit's not alone, nor th' flesh apart:
 Their powers are mixed, as together grown;
 Both in thee are as interwove in one.
 Much like the glimmering Dawn, that goes before
 The ruddy day, which doth mans cares restore,

Discov'ring neither Darkness, nor yet Light,
 Not Day, not Night alone, but Day and Night,
 Or like refulgent White, with Negro thus,
 Nor white nor black, but gray, betwixt the two,
 Or like cold streams, which when to boiling thrown,
 Is neither hot nor cold, but lukewarm grown,
 Well, lo, the war begins, it goes to blows,
 Each his All brings his Opp'nent to oppose,
 Fill'd with fix'd hate, The Flesh embattel'd draws
 Incorrigible youth, lusts, inflaming Laws,
 Sports void of bounds, and Deeds of guilty Night,
 As Drunkenness and all obscene delight,
 Base worldly pleasures, Envy, and what's worse,
 Lyes, treacherous Frauds, and filthy tongue discourses.
 The Spirit calmly comes, begirt with Prayer,
 With Gods pure word, with words that reason'd are,
 With penitence, Humility, true Love,
 Hope, conqu'ring Faith, and ch'innocence o'th' dove,
 The Combat's hot, where we may safely say,
 It seems that Flesh and Spirit now display
 Th' effects of fiercest hatred, as if to say
 They the Souls powers would freely overthrow,
 Until at last the struggling Spirit's found,
 Though after many dangers, many a wound,
 Far more divinely beautiful and bright,
 And more puissant than before the fight,
 Yet not without all blemish, since the mind
 That yet possesses which to lusts inclines,
 Whereby in fight, since though it steps the field,
 'Tis oft compell'd to secret lust to yield.
 Until the Lord his hand doth down convey,
 And him from Earth by Death doth take away,
 Translates into a Throne, purges from all gross,
 And glorifies, whereby he gains by loss.

Thrice happy he, (this firmly let's believe)
 This *Good* who through Gods Spirit doth perceive,
 Thrice blessed is that Soul, who in this night,
 This upright war upholds, maintains this fight.
 Immortal praise, a Crown of great regard,
 Prepared is for such a Souls reward,
 Yet off pure mercy, our best works are sin;
 What we enjoy doth from his grace begin,
 For his Sons sake: the Lamb for us once slain,
 Provides, that onely they that Bliss shall gain,
 In whom the work of grace is found begun,
 And to whom God aton'd is through the Son.

Eternal Power, one God in Persons Three,
 Blest who art in thy self 'above things that be;
 Whence all things flow, with strength my mind possess,
 When Devil, World and Flesh my Soul oppress:
 Against these so instruct me to contend,
 That I may reach that glory in the end,
 Which for thy Saints in Heaven thou dost keep,
 Till I sink Graved their Flesh and Griefs shall sleep.

Certain godly Divines have epitomiz'd
the Nature of the various inclinatio-
ons of Man towards *Good* and *Evil*
in this following Table, which I
thought good here to insert.

The INCLINATIONS

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|---|---|
| 1. Of the Carnal
man; | { | <i>Evil.</i> I do evil, and will
do it.

<i>Good.</i> I do not do good,
and I will not do it. |
| 2. Of the Regene-
rate man, | { | <i>Evil.</i> The evil I would
not do, that do I
<i>Good.</i> The good I would
do, that do I not. |
| 3. Of the Glorifi-
ed man, | { | <i>Evil.</i> I do not evil, and I
will not do it.

<i>Good.</i> I do good, and I
will do it. |



F I N I S.

